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# RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTINEAU

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OF

# JAMES MARTINEAU

WITH SOME LETTERS FROM HIM AND
AN ESSAY ON HIS RELIGION

BY THE

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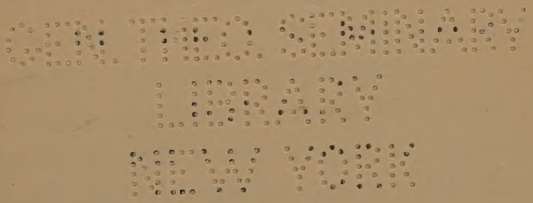

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# PREFACE

As this little volume is intended to deal with James Martineau principally as a great spiritual teacher and as a friend in private life, it is scarcely necessary to say very much about the merely external events of his life, though I have a good deal to say as to his personality and his conversations with me. I will give only a brief statement of such outward circumstances as helped to determine his intellectual, moral, and religious character. A very good summary of his long life may be found in an article about him in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

No doubt, my friend's French Protestant ancestry to a great extent helped to determine his moral and intellectual nature. His father was a man of fine character, but not remarkable intellectually. His mother was a woman of great force of mind. The father failed in busi-

ness about the end of his life; and James Martineau for many years had a hard and struggling existence. His school life at Norwich was by no means happy, though he only attended the Grammar School as a day scholar. He was too delicate, refined, and sensitive to be happy in a rather rough school. Later on he went for about two years to a school in Bristol kept by Dr. Lant Carpenter, where he learnt much. He afterwards went to study the profession of an engineer in Derby; but the mechanical work failed to satisfy him. Whilst in Derby he lived in the house of a Unitarian minister named Higginson, whose daughter he afterwards married. The marriage was an extremely happy one. Mrs. Martineau died of a distressing brain disease in 1877.

Having determined to change his intended profession and to become a minister of religion, Martineau went to study at Manchester New College, a Unitarian institution then established in York. Here he remained for about five years and gained much knowledge. Here also he formed a quite romantic friendship with another student named Francis Darbishire.

Harriet Martineau was rather older than her brother James, and influenced him greatly in his earlier years. When he was about nineteen years old, he went for a walking tour with her in the Scottish Highlands. Later on in life they quarrelled. Originally the cause of dissension appears to have been that James refused to return to his sister or to destroy the letters that she had written to him in former days; but the quarrel was finally rendered an irreparable one by his writing a most unfavourable review of an Atheistic book published by Harriet Martineau in conjunction with a Mr. Atkinson.

In some ways the five years spent in the College in York were a rather poor substitute for a training in a great university. They gave very little knowledge of the world. The students were too exclusively of one type. The atmosphere was one of intense respectability; and so Martineau's knowledge of human nature was not adequately enlarged.

After leaving York, this young student became for a short time a schoolmaster. He went back to Bristol and helped Dr. Carpenter in the work of his school. In the year 1828 he became

assistant minister of a Presbyterian church in Dublin. Though the church was called Presbyterian, the views of those who worshipped in it were Unitarian or at least Arian. He remained in Dublin till 1832. On the death of the Incumbent in 1831, Martineau became the chief minister of the church; and he finally resigned his position, because he could not accept an annual grant of money derived from the state, and called the Regium Donum. To receive this grant was contrary to his religious convictions. In this resignation of his church we have a good illustration of my friend's rigid conscientiousness.

In 1832 James Martineau went to be an assistant minister in Liverpool. There he worked very hard and took pupils. He had been married at the end of the year 1828. In the year 1846 a great grief came upon him. He lost his charming boy Herbert, to whom he was most fondly attached. In 1840 Martineau was appointed a professor in Manchester New College. That establishment was at that time removed from York to Manchester. In 1848 he went abroad for about a year, and studied philosophy and

religion in Germany. This study had a great and permanent effect on his intellectual and spiritual development. In the year 1853 Manchester New College was moved to London. Martineau became a professor in it, and from 1869 till 1885 was Principal of it. He resigned in 1857 the church in Liverpool of which he had been for some time the Incumbent. He was for some years connected with the Unitarian chapel in Little Portland Street, London, first as an assistant and afterwards as Incumbent. He resigned the Incumbency in 1872 on account of ill health. His sermons in this church were profoundly intellectual, but not very easy to follow.

Martineau was not pleased with the removal of Manchester College from London to Oxford. He spoke thus in a speech against the proposed move: "For natures and types of thought cast in a different mould from ours Oxford may furnish all that can be desired. But not yet is it the true nursery for the children of the Puritans. The mountain flower transported to the hothouse or the southern garden-bed is not more sure to fade than would be the simple veracities and

hardy vitality of devotion which it is ours to transmit, were they exposed to the enervating spiritual climate which is proposed for their development."

From 1885 till his death in 1900, at the age of nearly ninety-five, Martineau's life was one of studious retirement. He lived during part of each year at his delightful Highland home at Aviemore, in Inverness-shire, and during the rest of the year in his house in Gordon Square, London. In the year 1890 he published his last great work, "The Seat of Authority in Religion." He retained his fine intellectual faculties almost unimpaired till about a year before his death, which was a very easy and peaceful one. Two unmarried daughters took excellent care of him in his advanced old age.

This little book will appeal chiefly to those who fervently admire the intellectual, moral, and spiritual genius of James Martineau, whilst they are unable to accept his Unitarian and in some ways semi-Deistic creed. It is intended to supplement and not to supersede that very valuable work, the "Life and Letters of James Martineau" by Dr. Drummond and Professor

Upton. It is a tribute offered to the great Unitarian by a man of widely different temperament. It may perhaps serve in some measure to express that profound feeling of lasting gratitude to Martineau which is so strongly felt by thousands of people in the Church of England, in the Scottish churches, and amongst Liberal Nonconformists, and which has as yet found no adequate utterance. Even if my work should have no other value, it may at least show how vast and how penetrating has been the spiritual influence of this inspired seer over minds cast in different moulds and mainly dominated by different religious ideas. His central thoughts may perhaps become all the more extensively and deeply operative when released from their transient embodiment in the formal creed of a small denomination. James Martineau was too noble to belong to any sect. In a spiritual sense he was no provincialist. To me it seems that his formal Unitarianism often veiled rather than revealed his real soul, his permanent personality. In some ways it was to him what Judaic Rabbinism was to St. Paul. He longed for a universal church which should find its true enlightenment

and guidance, not in any feeble glimmerings of sectarian candles, but in the abiding revelations of universal reason and conscience, in God's progressive manifestations of Himself to man's expanding faculties, in an ever-moving pillar of fire, in " the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

My best thanks are due to Messrs. Nisbet (the publishers) for their kind permission to quote a rather long passage from the " Life and Letters of James Martineau." And I wish very strongly to recommend that work to all students of that deep thinker's religion and philosophy. Mr. Upton's presentation of Martineau's philosophy is so entirely admirable that it is not likely to be ever superseded; and, though I have not scrupled to say that I have found Dr. Drummond's portrayal of the illustrious Unitarian's personality somewhat lacking in vividness, I am quite convinced that all lovers of Martineau owe a real debt of gratitude to this very able and accomplished writer. His work is thoroughly conscientious and candid and in some ways very complete. It will always remain a very valuable store-house of interesting

information, which cannot be safely ignored or neglected by any who desire to understand the intellectual, moral, and spiritual development of one of the grandest religious teachers of our age.

# SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTINEAU

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# SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTINEAU

JAMES MARTINEAU was born in Norwich in April 1805, and died in London in January 1900. His father was a merchant of French descent. The earliest known Martineau is said to have married a German Lutheran, and through this connection the family become Protestants. At the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in October 1685, Gaston Martineau, a surgeon of Dieppe, removed to Norwich.

The intellectual greatness of James Martineau is sufficiently proved by the fact—mentioned by Mr. Knowles in an article on Lord Tennyson in the *Nineteenth Century* — that the author of "In Memoriam" considered him far the greatest member of the famous Metaphysical Society, which included in its ranks such celebrated men as Ruskin, Gladstone, Dr. Ward, Professors

Tyndall, Huxley, and Henry Sidgwick, Mr. R. H. Hutton (editor of the *Spectator*), and Connop Thirlwall (Bishop of St. David's), as well as Tennyson himself and other men of conspicuous ability.

Long before I made acquaintance with Dr. Martineau, I had been a devoted admirer of his writings, though not agreeing with his Unitarian opinions. I remember that I first read his "Endeavours after the Christian Life" at the time when I was also reading the sermons of Robertson of Brighton; and I was very much struck by the great superiority of the former as compared with the latter in depth and condensation of thought as well as in power of expression. It appeared to me that one discourse of the Unitarian philosopher contained matter enough to make at least a dozen sermons of the eloquent Anglican preacher. In fact Martineau's addresses are too full of ideas to be adequately comprehended when delivered from the pulpit; they need to be carefully thought over, in order that their power and beauty may be really appreciated.

I did not know this great teacher personally until he was far on in old age, though his faculties were quite unimpaired and vigorous. In the

summer of the year 1892 I was fortunate enough to make friends with him when he was staying in his beloved Highland home at Aviemore in Inverness-shire. He received me in the most friendly manner, and from that time until a few months before his death I was in the habit of going to see him frequently at his house in London and also of receiving letters from him on a considerable variety of deep and interesting subjects. A few weeks after our first meeting he read a book of mine called "Enigmas of the Spiritual Life," and sent me a most sympathetic letter about it.

Very ample details of my friend's long life have been given in the "Life and Letters of James Martineau" by Dr. James Drummond, of Manchester College, Oxford; and in the same work is to be found an excellent account of Martineau's philosophy, by Professor Upton of the same college. In this book of mine I make no attempt to deal with the philosophy of my revered friend. I am content to do two things only, (1) to endeavour to set forth plainly the strong and the weak points of his religion, and (2) to try to set before my readers and myself some few of the more striking features of his rare and fascinating

personality. I am very grateful to Dr. Drummond for a large store of information as to Martineau's external life; but the account seems to me rather deficient in two important ways. It makes no attempt to estimate the permanent value of his religion as compared with that of other guides; and it almost smothers or buries his vivid and remarkable personality under a huge mass of unimportant and sometimes rather wearisome details. We fail to appreciate the solemn beauty and significance of the great forest as a whole because of the thick growth of its almost countless trees. In order to give a real idea of a man's life and personality, it is necessary to select some facts and ignore others, since some exhibit his deliberate preferences, whilst others disclose to us only his half-mechanical customs. A few characteristic actions or utterances tell us far more of a man's inner nature than the most faithful portrayal of long years of routine. In the case of a man of genius we chiefly want to know in what respects he transcended or differed from ordinary men, and not in what ways he resembled them and conformed to their habits.

But I must not seem to promise what I am quite unable to perform. My recollections of my

friend are essentially fragmentary. I cannot pretend to give anything like a *complete* account of his intellectual and spiritual character. Yet in some respects I think that I may safely say that I knew him well. On one occasion, when a well-known Scottish philosopher of the Hegelian school had unintentionally misrepresented his views by saying that to Martineau a God immanent in the universe appeared to be no real God, I said to my friend that I had thought of writing to this philosopher to point out his mistake, as I considered that I was as intimately acquainted with my teacher's mind as any of his admirers *in the Church of England;* and he said to me in reply, "Yes, I certainly believe that you are." Of course Martineau decidedly held that God is immanent in the universe; but he did not believe that He is *merely* immanent in it; he thought that God also transcends it; that a large portion of the divine life is separate from, and not expressed in the Cosmos; that God is greater than the sum total of finite phenomena. The mistake of the Hegelian philosopher may very probably have been caused by the fact that Martineau, owing to his lingering Deism, sometimes failed to appreciate the *full extent* of God's habitual imma-

nence in the creation. His zeal for free will and his intensely individualistic ethics sometimes made him for the time almost forget that in God we "live, move, and have our being," that we are His offspring and His temple, and not merely His subjects.

Of all his qualities I think that the one which impressed me most at first in this Unitarian philosopher was his absolute integrity, his great though entirely unobtrusive sanctity. His intellectual power was less apparent at first, and was perhaps always more manifest in his writings than in his conversation. It seemed to be almost impossible to imagine that this saint of Theism had ever done anything morally wrong. To a great extent he escaped from a sense of sin, though feeling keenly a deep sense of imperfection. He had a very large amount of reverence and of fineness of taste. Flippancy always jarred on him painfully. And so Renan often displeased him, and he failed to appreciate the good qualities of men like the late Mr. H. R. Haweis and my friend Professor Momerie. The latter of these two divines had a singularly acute and logical intellect; but Dr. Martineau never cared for his writings. Of purely intellectual differences my

teacher was extremely tolerant; but the intense seriousness of his ethical nature, together with his fastidious refinement of taste, made him sometimes a little intolerant of moral heresies and of anything approaching to spiritual coarseness. The main offence of the book written by his sister and her friend Mr. Atkinson did not consist in any merely speculative errors, but in its coarseness and its incompatibility with any elevated form of morality as he conceived it.

Still, though occasionally a little prejudiced by reason of his imperious and exacting ethical instincts, James Martineau always wished to be fair to all thinkers. Thus I remember his pointing out to me that some writers of the old Deistical school, such as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, were free from the spiritual defects of the ordinary teachers of that school; and he also declared that those defects belonged to the whole spirit of the age, and not exclusively to the Deists. Consequently he considered my censure of the Deistical writers rather too undiscriminating. He had suffered much from the Deists in his earlier years; but he still wished to be perfectly equitable in judging them. In a similar spirit he once invited me to a discussion of Renan, saying that we must

try to be perfectly impartial in forming a judgment of that brilliant critic. The superficial flippancy of that great French writer did not make my friend blind to the extraordinary beauty of his style and the laborious honesty with which he sought for historical truth.

Like most people of genius, Dr. Martineau was extremely sensitive in his feelings. He told me once how greatly he felt a temporary alienation from him of his friend Mr. Herbert Spencer. And it is plain enough that his long quarrel with his sister Harriet caused him much real grief by compelling him to suppress his natural feelings towards her. Yet I imagine that this prolonged estrangement was almost unavoidable and not altogether to be deplored. Real intimacy or communion of soul was no longer possible between people so fervently holding such discordant and irreconcilable opinions on the most important matters.

Though somewhat Stoical in his attitude towards pain, this great spiritual leader had much compassion and really warm affections. He was a true and very staunch friend. Dr. John Watson (the accomplished Ian Maclaren) has said, in an article in the *Hibbert Journal*, that he was very

impartial in judging of the performances of his friends; and so no doubt he usually was. But I think that generosity did sometimes cause him to overrate their merits. It certainly did in my case. On one occasion he gave me a recommendation of two books of mine to a publisher in the United States, and he rather made me feel ashamed by writing these words of excessive appreciation of them: "Dealing as they do with the most affecting problems of morals and religion in a spirit of unshrinking impartiality and a style of rare literary charm, they might be expected to have great attraction for the quick-sighted public which was the first to appreciate the significance of 'Sartor Resartus.' Both volumes indicate a mind drawn in opposite directions by compassion for suffering and intuitions of faith, unable to escape from either, or always to find the point of rest between them, yet resolved to justify them both. If in the first work, 'The Unknown God,' the author's anxiety to be fair leads him at times to overstate the case against himself, so as even to leave a balance of difficulties unrelieved, the second work, 'Enigmas of the Spiritual Life,' does much to redress the inequality, though not perhaps exhausting the legitimate

pleas which give final preponderance to the optimist's faith. Be this as it may, both volumes are full of interest for readers in search of the true interpretation of human life."

Perhaps my teacher was unduly influenced in favour of my writings by finding in them so often an echo, in other and inferior language, of many of his own profoundest and most cherished thoughts and feelings. In my earnest but rather abortive strivings he saw a kind of reflection—though a partial and distorted one—of his own serene and victorious achievements.

Though very exacting ethically, James Martineau was not nearly so solemn as some people have thought that he was. Unlike the old Puritans, he was no foe to wit, humour, or any other pure form of enjoyment. His face seen in repose had a rather stern and severely intellectual appearance; but it was soon lighted by very genial smiles when one told him any amusing stories, and he seemed to delight in them greatly. He was quite capable of receiving amusement from very ordinary things. I remember how much he laughed at the account which I once gave him of a learned but very timid scholar of the Scottish Episcopalian Church. This excellent divine in teaching students was

accustomed to give them a long list of supposed authorities on either side of a question, and then to suggest that it was *safer* to take the view recommended by the larger number of the authorities, at the same time offering a kind of apology to those who had advocated an opposite opinion. I said to my friend that this mode of proceeding was essentially Pickwickian, and that it reminded me of Mr. Pickwick's sagacious advice to his followers when hemmed in by excited crowds, during the memorable Eatanswill election. On that occasion the immortal man thus counselled his bewildered friends: "Hush, don't ask any questions. It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do." "But suppose there are two mobs," suggested Mr. Snodgrass. "Shout with the largest," replied Mr. Pickwick. Dr. Martineau and I agreed cordially that this Pickwickian method was hardly likely to lead to satisfactory results when applied to the solution of difficult intellectual problems.

On another occasion I remember how much my teacher was amused at the very just reproof administered to him and to myself by one of the company gathered in his house. We had been discussing the future career of a learned but very

dry young Unitarian thinker; and we had agreed in hoping that he would become a professor and not a preacher or a minister of religion, holding —as we both did—that a deficiency of vivid emotions would be more fatal to success in the pulpit than in a lecture-room. But one of the company perceived that our opinion was rather too one-sided, and admonished us in the following words: "I don't agree with you two at all; you and Mr. Craufurd talk as if it did not matter how dry a professor is; but I think that it *does* matter a great deal." With much mirth the philosopher accepted this wise correction, and we both owned readily that dryness is eminently undesirable in a professor, though rather less fatal to usefulness than in a preacher.

Even in Dr. Martineau's controversial writings on deep subjects we often meet with many traces of humour, and his mind had a good deal of that fine sense of irony which almost always characterises the noblest human intellects. In his controversy with Professor Tyndall about Materialism we sometimes find a kind of subtle intellectual playfulness such as Socrates displayed so abundantly in the Platonic dialogues. In his essay on "Religion as Affected by Modern Materialism"

our Theistic philosopher wrote thus: "But surely you must observe how this Matter of yours alters its style with every change of service; starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of 'property' to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince, when large undertakings are wanted, loaded with investments, and within an inch of a plenipotentiary. In short, you give it precisely what you require to take from it; and when your definition has made it 'pregnant with all the future,' there is no wonder if from it all the future might be born." And he says further: "It is easy travelling through the stages of such an hypothesis; you deposit at your bank a round sum ere you start; and drawing on it piecemeal at every pause, complete your grand tour without a debt. Such extremely clever matter, matter that is up to everything, even to writing *Hamlet*, and finding out its own evolution, and substituting a molecular plébiscite for a divine monarchy of the world, may fairly be regarded as a little too modest in its disclaimer of the attributes of Mind."

Dr. Martineau was a very exact and careful student. He once told me that the severe studies which he carried on in his youth and early manhood had so affected his mental habits that he

could not read anything in a partial or fragmentary way. He felt compelled either to master books thoroughly or else to leave them alone entirely. He could not read in a desultory way, merely to pass the time.

This philosopher found his best recreations in fine scenery and fine music. He had quite a Wordsworthian love of the mountains. They refreshed his worn spirit by ministering to his craving for the sublime. His soaring spiritual imagination could amongst them freely exercise its wings, which were apt to droop and grow languid in the polluted and relaxing atmosphere of sordid and commonplace life. Even in extreme old age he retained his intense love for music. He clung to it instinctively as a heavenly and soul-animating voice. It was perhaps in some ways his best mode of access to the Infinite. Insensibly it counteracted the depressing influence of his old indwelling Deism. In sober truth, poetry and music were to him what Emerson called "liberating Gods." These two divine visitants, aided by the majestic spectacle of the starry heavens, constituted a kind of self-revealing and irresistible apocalypse or evangel of the sublime, before whose glorious and thrilling splendours the

pale, ineffective, and ghostlike revelations of artificial Deism faded away. To souls listening to that great evangel all things seemed possible. The grievous limitations of a narrow and unhopeful creed passed away. The power of God no longer seemed restricted. From the central depths of the universe the Infinite and the Eternal seemed to speak to outcast man, cheering half-starved and half-withered Deistic spirits with the old consolatory words, "Our mouth is open unto you, our heart is enlarged; ye are not straitened in us; but ye are straitened in your own bowels."

Philosophical and religious writers have been a good deal in doubt as to the *class* of thinkers in which Martineau ought to be ranked. To some he has appeared a rationalist, whilst others have regarded him as a mystic. To some he has seemed to approach divine things almost exclusively by reason and conscience, whilst to others he has seemed to approach them by direct spiritual intuition. Mr. Stopford Brooke thinks that he was primarily a rationalist and an ethical philosopher, and only in a secondary sense a mystic. I imagine that there is some important truth in this view, though it scarcely gives us the whole truth on this subject.

The word mysticism is used in rather different ways by different thinkers. It seems to me that there is a good mysticism and a bad or injurious mysticism. The former seeks only to supplement reason, whilst the latter seeks to supersede it. The former works in staunch alliance with intellect, whereas the latter claims a right to suppress it, even as the wicked old prophet of Bethel cancelled the earlier revelation which had been given to the man of God, whom he deceived. The false mysticism is very like Calvinism in one respect: it greatly disparages and underrates the faculties of the natural man; there is something essentially sacerdotal and almost Papal in its claims; it seeks to establish a despotism, and will not hear of a well-ordered republic or a strictly constitutional monarchy. This evil spirit hates philosophy and is the sworn foe of developed reason. It tends to make religion the exclusive property of a small class. It has often something of that inhuman intolerance which expressed itself in the old words of unsympathetic Pharisees: "This people, who knoweth not the law, are cursed." It helps to wither strong human affection by representing love for man as in opposition to love for God. To a great extent it bids men become divine by

ceasing to be human. It is as unfriendly to man's heart as it is to his normal mind. It would make men blush, like Plotinus, at the thought that they have bodies. It is far removed from the spirit of Christ who "had compassion on the multitude," and accommodated His celestial message to the understandings of His ignorant followers. Jesus sought to save men by becoming *like* them. Ascetic mysticism aims at becoming radically *unlike* them. Even if its followers save themselves, they are powerless to save others, since they cannot speak their language or understand their hearts. Far different was the mysticism of St. Paul, the man of many visions. His passionate humanity made him genuinely Utilitarian in some ways. He cared little or nothing for an exclusive religion. He said plainly: "I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. . . . In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

The higher mysticism is not really opposed to reason. It holds with the free-thinking Emerson that "there is no doctrine of the reason which will

bear to be taught by the understanding." It never seeks to escape from reason, but only from the transitional forms of the logical understanding. It maintains that there are many deep truths which our present imperfect logic fails to grasp. It teaches that God's best revelations come to us by inspiration and not by syllogisms. It holds that the proper work of the logical understanding is critical and not creative. Mysticism of the best sort is but reason gone *into retreat*, reason bruised and buffeted by formal arguments which admit of no refutation and yet carry no real conviction, reason "turning to the Gentiles," and heretically seeking strength and refreshment from the vivid intuitions of the heart and soul. Mysticism at least affords a temporary home for truths cast out and rejected by the logical understanding unduly enamoured of system. It is a veritable cave Adullam, in which are gathered together those lofty idealisms of the soul which are for a time "in distress" and discontented because unable to make good their claims in the law-courts of a provisional and domineering logic. When driven from the stately cathedrals of an exultant Theism, rational mysticism is well content to worship quietly in the silent catacombs

of man's unfathomable nature. There its sacred instincts find an inviolable sanctuary. From that retreat it cannot be dislodged. No vulture's eye of a fierce sectarian understanding can ever trace the hidden paths of the soul's secret pilgrimage towards the Divine. Even if all objective evidences of God's existence are for a time taken away, the subjective evidences still remain. The soul itself is at least as important as the external world. "The kingdom of God is within us" still. When confronted with the menacing hosts of victorious Atheistic science, the rational mystic can face them all with his old rallying cry of irrepressible faith, the old war-song of baffled but unconquerable subjectivity, the old sorrowful yet defiant declaration, "God is a sigh in the depths of the soul." Before science can annihilate religion it must destroy the finest and most characteristic attributes of humanity, since these are ever haunted by God.

A kind of genuine Catholicity is one sure mark of the higher mysticism. It bids men use their *whole higher nature* in the search for truth. It vindicates the legitimate functions of imagination and sympathy as the best handmaids or coadjutors of reason in the search for vital and satisfying

knowledge. Science is often sectarian in its methods of research, forgetting how great is its own debt to imagination. Tyndall found a most valuable intellectual stimulus in the works of Emerson. The great inductive philosopher Lord Bacon was immensely helped by that singularly keen perception of analogies throughout the universe which at times made him half a poet. Constructive imagination suggests brilliant hypotheses which science afterwards patiently verifies. The best mysticism does not wish to abnegate human reason, but only to have it enlarged, vivified, and expanded by the invigorating inspiration of the Over-Soul. The cry of Pauline mystics is ever this: "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Not to lose their human faculties, but to have God shining through them is the profound desire of such aspiring spirits. They would retain their own spiritual eyes, reason and conscience, and yet in very deed, like Malebranche, see all things in God.

The catholicity of the better mysticism is opposed to the dry religious rationalism of men like Paley and Whately almost as much as to the

sectarian rationalism of science. The religion of Coleridge at his best was a fine blending of reason, imagination, ethics, and emotion. Such also was the religion of Pascal. That great mathematician plainly declared that "the heart has its reasons which the reason knows not." He saw clearly that, in order to find really satisfying truth, we must seek for it with *all* our higher faculties, that God speaks to us "at sundry times and in divers manners," that there are many different avenues through which God approaches us. Plato also manifestly held a similar view in some respects. He regarded some kinds of madness as a species of divine inspiration, the breaking up, as it were, of the tyrannous and limiting forms of our finite understandings before the inflowing rush of a grander and transcendent revelation.

Pascal's saying, however, was chiefly intended to emphasise the truth that moral and emotional qualities are necessary for the seeker after religious knowledge. We may say of our understanding what St. Paul said of the law, that it is good—or in its right place—"if a man use it lawfully." The deliverances of the understanding and conscience constitute to some men a kind of natural religion, whilst those of the higher reason and of

our spiritual nature constitute a kind of revealed religion; and it is not fitting that either of these religions should disparage or seek to suppress the other. Nor must either seek to *trespass* unlawfully on the proper territory of the other. Revealed religion of the right sort is not a cancelling but a transfiguration of natural religion. In order to be adequately equipped for his work, the mystic should first serve a long apprenticeship to science, reasoning, and conscience. Thus only, in most circumstances, can he be really prepared to receive the higher revelations to which he aspires. We must obey Nature before we think of transcending or conquering it. We must be under the law before we are under grace. We must learn the messages of "the visible things of God" before we seek to apprehend the invisible things. Thus a kind of reasonable mysticism carries on our intellectual, moral, and spiritual education. It fills up provisionally the gaps left or made by unavoidable scepticism. It, to a certain extent, *anticipates* the future gains of reason. It slightly *outruns* reason in its own highest path, as the apostle of love once outran the apostle of faith. By faith it beholds the promised land of a harmonised knowledge even when it is very far off.

Thus the finer sort of mysticism is not really unfriendly to philosophy or the loftier kind of rationalism. It seeks only to moralise and spiritualise rationalism, to give it a living soul and a refined and delicate conscience. It tries to prevent rationalism from being too precipitate in its conclusions. It pleads often for a suspended judgment, for reverent and teachable Agnosticism as a better thing than blank denial. With the ethical nature *this* sort of mysticism is in close alliance; for one of its main functions is to set forth the great, though often latent, evidential power and value of man's partially developed moral and emotional instincts. It is for ever declaring that we must do the will of God, if we would to any extent apprehend His nature and character. It can never talk of "mere morality," if it aims at anything like consistency.

The best mystical religion is also profoundly human. It "bears the grief and carries the sorrows" of our struggling race, and finds in these a strong argument for its own highest hopes in another world. No abundance of celestial visions prevented St. Paul from hearing "the whole creation groaning." The loneliness of the Pauline mystic indicates no hard alienation from the mass

of mankind. The tender and fervent heart of the great apostle to the Gentiles brooded much over human misery during its protracted sojourn in the deserts of Arabia. Such lonely spirits know how to use the mystical tendency without abusing it. They are to a great extent absorbed in God *for the sake of man*. They are not really selfish. Rather are they the true priests of the whole family of man, clad in the old consecrating ephod of the one abiding religion, that ephod which is the very sign of a universal and everlasting priesthood, the old garment on which sympathy has engraved for ever the names of the children of Israel, the names of the whole family of God.

In some ways mysticism is certainly natural to man. Almost all men, except the very dullest, are mystical on some subjects at certain times. We none of us think that our knowledge is entirely satisfactory. We all acknowledge that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our formal philosophy. In the emergencies of life we all seek mystical sources of consolation. Death is a fathomless mystery. Awe and wonder are man's natural response to the encompassing mysteries of the universe.

In the case of the loftier souls in the higher ranges of their activity it is evident enough that some degree of mysticism is natural and inevitable. The vestiges of the Infinite are manifest in their intellects, in their consciences, and in their affections; and these mysterious vestiges can never be adequately interpreted by the logical understanding. We cannot doubt their reality and their deep significance; and yet we are often wholly unable to explain them or to vindicate their validity by formal logic. Their very greatness prevents our understandings from grasping them. They are "more than we are able to express." They are as some mighty and unintelligible prophet troubling the conventional Israel of self-possessed mediocrity. We cannot explain our deep affinity with Nature; we cannot tell why our souls are so thrilled in response to her varying manifestations. We cannot explain the marvellous heights and depths of human love. We cannot explain our hunger and thirst after knowledge of things that appear to have little or no relation to our lowly condition here on earth. We cannot explain our own abiding discontent with finite things. We cannot tell why the idea of spiritual perfection haunts us like a tantalising

dream. We cannot tell why we are for ever urged by some abiding and imperious instinct to seek diligently for that far-off God who seems for ever to hide Himself. We know not why we are compelled to live as pilgrims and strangers here on earth, and to confess that our true citizenship is in the invisible heavens. We know not why we feel so keen an interest in things apparently so remote from the routine of our daily lives.

In one of his very greatest discourses, in a sermon on "The Finite and the Infinite in Human Nature," Dr. Martineau has eloquently expressed his view as to the significance of these vestiges of the Infinite in man's marvellous being. He writes thus: "To go forth and see where the stars are and how they lie; to get round them and dive into the fountain of their light; to frustrate their eternal silence and make them tell their paths; to pass from station to station and gain assurance that there is no end to their geometry; and then to drop back on the grass-plot of this world, mentally sublimed by the sense of physical insignificance, has ever had a solemn charm for human intelligence. . . . How is it that the intensest interest hangs around these far-off sciences? that we cite them as among the

greatest triumphs of human research? What concern so deep can *we* have with lines of thought that scarcely keep within the limits of the finite? Why do they strike in upon us and stir us in the very seats of intellectual romance? Tell me not of their indirect utility, though it is indisputable. Does a Herschel live for the sake of the Nautical Almanack, or a Murchison and Lyell for the sake of Californian mines? It is because we love to be spoken to in tones from the borders of the infinite, and feel them to have a native sound. Carrying in ourselves secret relationships with universal space and unbeginning time through Him that fills them both and lives in us, we know the tidings which come furthest from them to be nearest to us; they remind us of our augustest kindred; they free us from our momentary prison; they show us the white sail, they breathe on us with the very wind, that shall take us out of exile. Their awful fascination bespeaks a nature mysteriously blending in its affections the finite and the infinite, and standing on the confines of both."

This beautiful passage seems to me quite worthy of Plato, and it shows plainly how deep-seated was the mystical element in Martineau's spirit.

It shows that in some ways he was naturally a Platonist, though much fettered by early Deistic teaching. The true Martineau, the man within the man, was to a very great extent imaginative and mystical, though for a long time he wore the uniform of a disciple of arid Utilitarian and necessitarian Deism. As Professor Upton has remarked in his admirable account of Martineau's philosophy, it often takes a long time for a speculative belief to unfold its necessary implications; and so the future champion of a profoundly spiritual religion found his way only gradually out of his old house of bondage. Moreover, Hartley's philosophy had at least this merit, that it did not *end* in selfishness, but in complete disinterestedness. In this respect it was far higher than the philosophy of Paley.

In some moods of mind Martineau appears to have thought that a kind of mysticism is needed to save us from Agnosticism, since the purely intellectual evidence for the most important spiritual truths is sometimes insufficient to produce real conviction. The "natural man" in his search for God needs the help of the spiritual man, as Coleridge also declared. In a sermon on "The Besetting God" our great Theistic teacher

writes thus: "The confession of our ignorance once made, we may proceed to use such poor thought and language as we find least unsuitable to so high a matter; for it is the essence and beginning of religion to feel that all our belief and speech respecting God is untrue, yet infinitely truer than any non-belief and silence." A man's religious creed, when it is real and vivid, is the expression or outcome of his *whole nature*, and not merely of his reasoning faculty. It is only thus that it can have any *moral* character at all. Christ's sheep are drawn to Him because essentially they are His own, because the slumbering and baffled ideal in them is woke up, quickened, and allured by the irresistible attraction of the realised ideal which gleamed upon them in His actions and thrilled them in His words. Men followed Jesus because He already was what they dimly aspired to be, because in a very real way He was more themselves than they were.

I hold, then, that James Martineau was a mystic of the better or more rational sort. No doubt he would have vigorously repudiated some forms of mysticism. He would have looked with special disgust on the antinomian forms which it sometimes assumes. He would never have allowed it

to encroach on the domains of conscience. The spirit of the ethically lawless Carpocratian Gnostics was utterly hateful to him. Men have too often supposed that union with God emancipated them from the jurisdiction of moral law. The passage from religious ecstasy to corporeal licentiousness has often been an easy one. Any such kind of mysticism would have incurred the severest censure of my rigidly conscientious friend. Nor did he feel much sympathy with those who disparaged reason as Cardinal Newman often did. Like Bishop Butler, he clung to reason as our absolutely necessary guide. He had not much patience with any who set up their unexamined intuitions in rivalry with reason. He was for proving all things, so far as is possible. Whilst gladly welcoming the intimations afforded us by imagination and our spiritual faculties, he refused to concede to them any sort of Papal infallibility. He required them to confer with reason. In some things these dim intimations of the soul might constitute the *matter* of our highest knowledge; but they must take their *form* or shape to a great extent from reason in its highest working. Even if our spiritual instincts do in some cases behold, as no other faculties can, the land which is very

far off, the reports that they give us, though full of value as suggestions, are generally so vague as to be almost unintelligible and well-nigh inoperative. Consequently they need to be verified by reason, just as the brilliant guesses of great astronomers need to be verified by the use of the telescope. If mysticism means *exclusive* or nearly exclusive reliance on non-rational sources of religious knowledge, the veteran Unitarian philosopher was no mystic; but if it only means reliance on our highest spiritual faculties as absolutely necessary coadjutors of reason, he certainly was a convinced and unwavering mystic. He held that our knowledge of God is partly direct and partly indirect. He firmly believed and explicitly declared that communion with God is just as much a real fact as any of the ordinary experiences of daily life.

This philosopher was unquestionably a rationalist in some ways, and yet he very much disliked some forms of rationalism. He held that we ought to render unto reason the things that legitimately belong to it, and to spirit the things that legitimately belong to spirit. If rationalism means demanding from the soul that it shall *at once* give proof of its cherished beliefs to the logical

understanding, Martineau was not a rationalist. He thought that reason should have patience with the soul and afford it *ample time* in which to make good its assertions, and not precipitately seize it by the throat with the imperious demand, "Pay me that thou owest." No doubt our spiritual nature owes it to reason to give some explanation of its mystical teaching; but this must be given very gradually. The soul is quite justified in saying to our logical faculty, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." The abrupt intolerance of vulgar rationalism often leads to deplorable results. Like the unwise builders, it often peremptorily rejects the stone which is destined to become "the head stone of the corner." The intuitions of the soul sometimes perform a part in some ways resembling that played by mathematical analysis in the search for the unknown planet Neptune by Adams and Leverrier. Strange and unfamiliar phenomena, like the perturbations of Uranus, suggest the existence of some mighty unknown agency operating from a great distance. Certain "perturbations" in the half-explored regions of man's higher life inevitably suggest the existence of some great spiritual being of whose nature and

exact dwelling-place we are ignorant. Vulgar rationalism at once demands that this great unknown being should be rendered perceptible by the telescope of formal ratiocination; but wise thinkers, acting like Adams and Leverrier, wait patiently for further knowledge. The telescope can be used effectively only at a later stage of our investigations. We may well *believe* in God, as a kind of mighty unknown Neptune, long before we are able to *prove* His existence or point out the chief sphere of His more immediate activity.

I suppose that almost all genuinely intellectual men have in them a considerable amount of natural scepticism; and they usually give this free play in *some* directions, whilst checking it in *others*. Martineau habitually repressed his scepticism in the region of the soul's loftiest life; *there* scepticism was dominated by admiring awe, wonder, and reverence. Beauty and spiritual nobleness, and not carping attorney-like logic, were recognised as the appointed high priests of that exalted world. But in the lower realms of history my friend's scepticism, hungry after its long and enforced fast, became vigorous and highly aggressive. It sought to make up for what it considered lost time, and devoured much to

which its title is very questionable. The worshipping mystic of the "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things" became the extreme and unsparing rationalist exhibited in "The Seat of Authority in Religion." Confident in the secure possession of what he thought to be the sacred essence of true religion, this philosopher proceeded with a light heart to demolish its ancient outer courts. The faithful watchman over the citadel of religion became a ruthless destroyer of its outer fortifications. He burnt many of the supposed title-deeds of Christianity, being well assured that it is one of the original tenants of the heart of man, holding its possessions by a direct grant from God Himself. In some respects "The Seat of Authority in Religion" is too sceptical and destructive; some of its conclusions are not likely to be permanently accepted by careful and impartial students of the origins of Christianity. I think also that my friend's austere ethical zeal occasionally made him put a forced or non-natural interpretation on some of the narratives or traditions of the New Testament. Thus he came to identify the eminently sinful woman who washed our Lord's feet with her tears, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, with the devout and thought-

ful Mary of Bethany. This identification, by diminishing sin, was congenial to Martineau's ethical temper; but, as a matter of history, it seems far easier to believe that two *separate events* have in some way been confused, and that the notorious sinner ministered to Christ's needs on one occasion, and the devout Mary of Bethany on another occasion. The indignation of the Pharisee at the approach of the sinful woman to Christ would be perfectly unintelligible if she had only been guilty of decent and respectable sins, such as we can believe Mary of Bethany to have committed; nor would any writer except one of unusual ethical severity, such as Dr. Martineau, expect such manifestations of profound contrition and remorse from one whose sins had been of a slight and venial kind. In this case the ethical purist read *himself* into history.

I will now proceed to relate, so far as I can remember them, some of my friend's conversations with me about interesting people and subjects.

I remember well one conversation that we had concerning the nature of religious faith. I told my friend the old story of the schoolboy or schoolgirl who defined faith as "the power we have of still believing what we know to be untrue." He

laughed very heartily at this unintentionally sarcastic definition; and he declared that the state of mind implied by it is a wholly impossible one. In this opinion he was in full agreement with the view of his old acquaintance, Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, who considered that belief, as regards abstract or purely speculative matters, is entirely involuntary, and therefore looked on the "impious threats"—as he called them—of the Athanasian creed as quite meaningless. I think, however, that many people really have a power of believing in some degree what they *suspect* to be untrue. Some men deliberately suppress their doubts, and turn their thoughts exclusively to such considerations as favour their cherished convictions. Professor Huxley seems habitually to have looked on religious faith as a more or less *discreditable* state of mind, as a kind of unwarranted prejudice, as an effect of intellectual indolence. He regarded doubt as a kind of beneficent demon sent to trouble the stagnant waters of stupid conventionalism. *Some* doubt unquestionably is of this sort. St. Augustine thought that none really believe deeply save those who have first doubted profoundly. Yet there is also much truth in the teaching of Coleridge, who

declared that there never was a real faith in Christ which did not in some measure expand the intellect, whilst simplifying the desires. In *moral and spiritual* matters Martineau certainly thought that a man's character largely determines his belief, that we must be pure in heart if we would in any degree know God. On this subject he agreed with Pascal that divine truths must to some extent pass through our hearts on their way into our intellects.

I talked to him once about Mr. Cotter Morison's strange and repulsive book, "The Service of Man"; and he cordially agreed with me in thinking it a most inconsistent and illogical work. As the author entirely denied to man any degree of free will, his extreme severity towards sinners is wholly unjustifiable. Why should we be blamed for doing what we cannot help doing? Huxley's flat denial of free will was also a perpetual puzzle to Dr. Martineau, coupled as it was with a claim to use the ordinary language of moral censure and approbation.

My teacher once told me that he had read the whole of Wordsworth's writings. I confessed that I found that poet at times very tedious and uninteresting, whilst very greatly admiring his finer

poems. Dr. Martineau sympathised with me in this matter, and he also thought that I was right in my opinion that Coleridge had in some ways a much higher imagination than Wordsworth.

We both agreed in having a profound admiration for Pascal, from whose writings Martineau took a very significant passage as a kind of motto to be inscribed on the title-page of his "Endeavours after the Christian Life." I said that I thought that Pascal's intellect was of a very sceptical sort. My friend said in reply that he thought so too, but that he believed that the great Frenchman would not be sceptical if he were to come back to earth and live in these days. Modern knowledge would have removed his scepticism. I have never been quite able to understand the meaning of this remark. To me it seems that Pascal escaped scepticism, so far as he did escape it, by partially suppressing his intellect in favour of conscience and his spiritual faculties; that, like Cardinal Newman, when he came to deal with religion, he, to a great extent, inquired *first* what was good, and only *afterwards* inquired what was true.

I once enjoyed a talk with Martineau about Kingsley and Cardinal Newman and their celebrated controversy. He said that we ought

always to remember that, though brilliantly versatile and interesting, Charles Kingsley was not an exact or finished thinker. With this view I cordially agreed, and I said that it would have been far more satisfactory if the memorable controversy with Newman had been conducted by Thirlwall instead of by Kingsley. My friend and I both thought that Kingsley was on the right side, though he failed so signally in argument. Connop Thirlwall we both considered to have been quite equal to the great cardinal in dialectical skill, though his style of writing had none of Newman's rare beauty. Martineau knew the Bishop of St. David's well during the meetings of the Metaphysical Society, and he very much admired the keenness and subtlety of his intellect. He thought, as I think, that Thirlwall was head and shoulders above every other Anglican prelate of our generation, that he was a master of irony as well as of reasoning, a disinterested lover of discussion, a man who might well have been numbered amongst the companions of Socrates.

With John Henry Newman Martineau had some strong affinities, though their spiritual careers were so widely different. Both were intensely ethical; both were inclined to severity in their

moral judgments; both were profoundly spiritual and imaginative; both were somewhat Stoical; both were by nature typically English in their love of intellectual honesty, though ecclesiasticism slightly marred this quality in the cardinal; both were profound thinkers; both had a style of wonderful beauty and attractiveness; both abandoned the form of religion in which they had been brought up.

I have often very much regretted that I never asked Dr. Martineau what he thought of Newman's hard and inhuman view, that it would be better for the whole world to perish after extreme agony than for one single soul to commit even one most slight and venial sin. My friend would indeed have been "in a strait betwixt two," if he had been called upon to decide in such a matter. His great moral severity would have strongly urged him to agree with Newman, whilst his tender humanity would have swayed him in an opposite direction. He was rather apt to regard sin as *gratuitous* perverseness; and this view would have made the decision all the more difficult.

My teacher very much distrusted and disliked the Hegelian system of philosophy. This was

inevitable, since Hegelianism tends to Pantheism which Martineau abhorred, and it scarcely leaves any real scope for free will, which was his most cherished doctrine, one that he had not inherited, but gained by the "great sum" of prolonged labour and thought. All moral distinctions are well-nigh meaningless in a Pantheistic system. Conscience becomes, on that theory, nothing much more than a kind of transitional or sectarian preference, a sort of provincial and unwarranted fastidiousness, a kind of childish daintiness that fails to appreciate a large portion of the rich feast of life. Dr. Martineau told me that he had read Hegel's "Philosophy of Religion" carefully, and that he thought its teaching irreconcilable with faith in any real future life. He said also that in the last few days or weeks of his life the late Thomas Hill Green, of Balliol, attained to a belief in a real future existence, not as a result of his Hegelianism, but by way of emergence from it. He also informed me that he had had many very warm arguments with his friend Professor Upton about the Hegelian system. Martineau thought that the professor conceded rather too much to semi-Pantheistic views.

One conversation which I had with this Uni-

tarian philosopher was about Bishop Butler and his writings. He thought that the famous "Analogy of Religion" was a most terrible persuasive to Atheism, though written with the best and most orthodox intentions. He considered the fundamental idea of Butler's work entirely fallacious. If God gives us a revelation, we should *not* expect it to contain a repetition of all the old difficulties involved in natural religion. On the contrary, we should expect it to afford us a real solution of many of those difficulties. The fact that God has spoken to us in a somewhat ambiguous or doubtful manner in Nature makes it probable that He would speak to us more clearly, if He gave us any revelation at all. To repeat a message that has been misunderstood does not seem a wise proceeding. To reduplicate darkness is no real method of giving light. God's intention in giving us a revelation was probably not merely to convince us that it came from Him, but chiefly to enlighten our ignorance by the manifestation of higher and more satisfying truth. The fact that men have found the exhibition of the divine character in Nature unsatisfactory would lead them to look for a widely different exhibition of it in any subsequent revelation that might be

vouchsafed to them for their further guidance. Moreover, it is certainly a dangerous thing to form our final and permanent idea of the character and purposes of God from our earliest impressions of Him. We do not judge a great artist by the earlier stages of his work, but by the finished beauty of his completed work. According to the Bible itself God "winks at" stages of moral crudity and barbarism which He by no means admires or loves. He tolerates much temporary evil for the sake of final and enduring good. There is a real progressiveness in His revelations of Himself. The apparent cruelty of Nature and the manifest harshness of Judaic religion are not incompatible with a final reign of pity and love. Dean Mansel was quite wrong when he argued that, because there is some incurable suffering and evil here in this life, there will be a vast amount of suffering and evil incurable to all eternity in the future life. On the contrary, it seems far more reasonable to hold that God puts up with transient evil in great measure *because* He knows how to bring out of it eventual good of the highest sort.

It never can be wise to undermine the foundations of a building that we wish to be permanent.

Revealed religion must necessarily be built on faith in God and our own faculties. Bishop Butler did not seek, as many seek, to discredit reason; but he did to a considerable extent undermine the foundations of the higher sort of religion in another way. He threw discredit on God, though not on our human faculties. He implicitly denied in great measure that God is likely to transcend that very imperfect delineation of His character which Nature gives us. He assumed that, though revelation might be vastly increased in volume, it would always continue to move on the same lines. There was something of the Deistic temper in this great enemy of the Deists. He wrote as if he thought that God had irrevocably committed Himself to certain modes of action which characterised His earlier activities; as if these for ever limited the sphere of His nascent spontaneities; as if they adequately expressed the full richness of his inner being; as if hopeful and aspiring souls were wrong in thinking that the Creator is far greater than any of His works as yet disclosed to us; as if these yearning spirits were wrong in declaring that "the half was not told them," when contrasting the tantalising revelations of niggardly Nature with the glorious

fulness of the divine love as disclosed to us by Jesus and His disciples.

I believe that James Martineau was right in holding that Bishop Butler's teaching might well lead to practical Atheism in logical and daring minds. If the course of Nature is anything approaching to an adequate revelation of the character of God, He cannot be what we call good, unless He is extremely limited in power. And, if God were not good, we could not rely on any message from Him; for it might be untrue or mendacious. It is only when we supplement the revelations of Nature by those given in the soul of man that we arrive at anything like a satisfactory idea of God. Man is the true Shekinah. But alas! Butler, like most thinkers of his age, was much tainted by Deistic ideas of human nature. He knew not the greatness of man as Pascal knew it. The latent infinity and the unceasing progressiveness of man's nature were hidden from his eyes. To a stationary and unaspiring humanity a stationary and fettered God, who could scarcely do more than constantly repeat His earlier efforts, might seem acceptable. A semi-mechanical God might suit a semi-mechanical race of men. But as our race gradually developed in moral, spiritual,

and emotional capacity and elevation, it became needful that its God, or its conception of God, should also expand. A more tender and merciful humanity cried aloud for a more tender and merciful divinity. God's revelation of Himself to Moses or to Calvin became quite obsolete and unsatisfying to Thomas Erskine of Linlathen or Frederick Denison Maurice. Some at least of what were formerly regarded as permanent elements of the divine character had to be finally abandoned. Whilst waiting patiently for further light, saintly spirits, conscious by sad experience of the futility of the law, longed for the gospel. They wished for no *repetition* of the thunderings on Mount Sinai, but rather for a superseding of them. They knew that natural law concealed or veiled quite as much as it revealed of the heart of God. They believed that the heart of God had *great surprises* in store for His children, that they were not for ever "straitened" in Him, but only in themselves and their poor thoughts. Convinced that they were the children of His abiding Love, whilst Nature is only His external and ever-varying vesture, prophet souls, wasted by long watching for some satisfying evangel, cast themselves down in thought at the feet of the Eternal

Father, and cried, like one of old, "Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence."

Thus does the progressive soul's sublime faith in God's half-realised love cause it to endeavour to remove the stern mountains of God's transient revelations, which have in course of time become little better than a prison-house or a barrier to larger knowledge.

Bishop Butler was an honest and careful religious inquirer; but he could not transcend the spirit of his age. The main teaching of his "Analogy" joins together important truth and repellent errors. It is true that Nature gives us much instruction of permanent value as to our Creator's *mind;* but it is not true that it gives us much abiding or final knowledge of His *moral character* and His *heart.* The ancient heavens declare God's supreme intellectual glory, but they are powerless either to reveal or to restrict His infinite pity.

Butler's teaching as to the abiding significance of God's revelation of Himself in the course of Nature is not in harmony with the teaching of the Bible. Christ deliberately declared that much

of the world's earlier moral wisdom was only provisional and destined to be superseded. The teaching of Moses and the law was only of transient value. In Nature, as in the law, God spoke to men roughly for a time, because their hearts were not yet prepared to receive more gracious and more human religion. Christ's final appeal was not to external Nature, nor yet to God's providential government as conceived by earlier ages, but to the essentially progressive soul of man, in which alone could be adequately mirrored the real glory of the divine love. Our true warrant for believing in God's unfailing and tender fatherhood is given us in those deeply significant and consolatory words of our Master, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him!" For such as have pondered over the profound meaning of those great and emancipating words of our Redeemer, the timid and unbelieving thoughts so often suggested by Nature's apparent cruelty have lost their power to discourage and depress. Such spirits know well that God's permanent feelings and purposes towards His struggling children are far more adequately ex-

pressed in the "still small voice" of our inexpugnable and inexhaustible human compassion than in the winds and earthquakes of Nature's threatening sternness.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews was not in harmony with the author of the "Analogy of Religion" as to the relative value of God's earlier and later revelations of Himself. "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds." And the writer goes on to call Christ "the brightness of God's glory and the express image of His person." God's revelation of Himself has been very gradual, and it culminated in the person of Jesus. God kept the "good wine" of really satisfying spiritual knowledge till men had well drunk of the inferior wine of merely provisional truth. Personality can only be adequately revealed in and through a person. A true son is needed to reveal a true father. To those searching vainly in the bewildering labyrinths of Nature for real and coherent knowledge of their Creator's character Jesus for ever cries: "I am the way, and the

truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." In Nature God gives us merely a rehearsal or a prelude, and not the soul-satisfying music of His serene and mellow wisdom. Physical evolution, with all its savage sternness and unending strife, was but a *preparation* for moral evolution. With regard to its teaching we must exercise a selecting and not an omnivorous memory. In great measure progress consists for us in "*forgetting* the things that are behind," in unlearning the provisional lessons of our old imperfect instructor. The earlier stages of human development were in some ways a dark, unintelligible, incoherent, provisional, and much-erased epistle of God. And this needs to be interpreted in the light of that glorious later revelation which He has sent us in these days in the ever-growing band of disinterested Sons of Consolation, in those deep-souled lovers of their race, whose priesthood is not transient but abiding, not of man's devising, but of God's, hallowed for ever by those old consecrating words of final election and approval, "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men."

Another well-known writer whom Dr. Martineau very much disliked was the late Dean Mansel. I

once said to him that I had been much attracted by Mansel's famous Bampton Lectures on "The Limits of Religious Thought." He looked much surprised, and said to me in reply, "How *can* you like such a horrible book?" I then explained that, though attracted by it, I did not like it, but utterly abhorred it. I rejoiced at its publication merely because I perceived that certain scattered or sporadic tendencies of pernicious thought were in this work gathered together, concentrated, and brought to a culminating head, so that they could be finally examined, dealt with, and permanently confuted. That evil tendency to "speak wickedly for God," to abase and crush the profoundly human beneath the destroying Juggernaut's car of the superficially or nominally divine, that false, injurious, and hateful religion which first manifested itself in the heartless, unfair, shallow arguments of Job's commonplace and aggravating friends, that intellectual and spiritual Satan assuming the garb of humility and piety, that veritable moral Antichrist, could now at last be fought to the death and irretrievably overthrown. I am sure that James Martineau was quite right in considering Mansel's teaching absolutely fatal to all true religion. If, as Mansel declared, divine

and human goodness are different in *kind*, and not merely in *degree*, there can be no true communion or moral and spiritual sympathy between man and his Maker. Then there would remain to us no possible religion except that of unintelligent slaves through fear obeying a hard task-master whose character they could neither understand, nor admire, nor love.

Martineau considered that John Stuart Mill's attack on Mansel's teaching has never been answered. Ignorant religious people foolishly declared that Mill's view was Atheistic, because he resolutely refused to worship a being who was not to be conceived as good in any sense that we can understand. But the great Connop Thirlwall—always ready to fight for rational religion—boldly proclaimed his conviction that, if Mill's teaching on this subject was Atheistic, that of the great Hebrew prophets was quite equally Atheistic. Abraham also was no Atheist; yet when he exclaimed so vehemently, "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" he took up a position exactly like that of Mill; he assumed that divine and human morality are essentially the same. Without this underlying assumption, his plea would have been quite meaningless.

Christ Himself throughout His whole teaching made the same assumption, and especially in those memorable and comforting words of His, "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" This passage plainly teaches that we may safely argue from the human to the divine, that though God's goodness immeasurably transcends ours, it never contradicts or cancels it. Even Dean Mansel was constrained by his Christianity to abate somewhat of the rigour of his logic, and to concede, contrary to his own fundamental principles, that the noblest moral qualities in man have some very faint resemblance to the divine attributes. Otherwise Christ could never have said to His followers, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Otherwise the imitation of Christ as a divine being, or the imitation of the Father Himself, would be meaningless or impossible; and so practical Christianity would be destroyed at its very roots. Mill pressed home this concession of Mansel's and asked whether the likeness between divine and human excellence is a likeness *in essence* or not. If the dean con-

ceded that the likeness is in essence, his whole elaborate theory would fall to the ground. On the other hand, if he maintained that the likeness is not in essence, it would follow that it is not a real or important likeness at all; and practical religion, seeking conformity to the divine image, would be as baseless as ever.

The religion of James Martineau was widely different from that of Mansel in this matter. He considered that *all* Christ's moral and spiritual teaching postulated kinship and affinity between the divine and the human. Jesus did not move about amongst men as amongst a race of spiritual slaves, who must be made to follow a prescribed course which they could not understand. He appealed to spirits that had genuine affinity with Himself and secretly aspired and longed to become that which He already was. He disclosed Himself to sinners as their very own long-lost ideal. Standing serenely amidst the world's innumerable moral outcasts, He claimed their homage and their allegiance as a thing profoundly natural. He saw even in them the "image and superscription" of absolute nobleness, and fearlessly declared to these lost and abandoned wanderers, "The kingdom of God is within you." Nor

was that wise and all-pitying appeal in vain. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners, for to hear Him." The attractive majesty of goodness penetrated into the recesses of many hearts. Men loved it better than their own lives. Even many doubters thought that it *ought* to reign. They followed it with a resolute and disinterested affection, an affection well expressed in the heroic loyalty of unhopeful Thomas when he exclaimed, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

There is little to wonder at in the great Unitarian philosopher's disgust with Mansel's religion. Conscience was one of the two strong foundations on which Martineau built the whole fabric of his religion. If the testimony of conscience were discredited, the whole majestic superstructure would collapse. And if our human conscience was no longer to be regarded as a veritable, though dim, reflection of the all-holy and omnipresent moral nature of God, but only as a kind of local, transient, and sectarian ethical preference, then assuredly it would be hopelessly discredited. Men might still find it convenient to use conscience as a kind of moral policeman; but they would no longer bow down before it as the vicegerent

of the Infinite and Eternal. Moral *obligation* would vanish, and be replaced by calculating prudence. We men might be compelled by circumstances to be respectable; but the Cosmos in general might live in complete and disdainful indifference to our provincial ten commandments.

So intensely ethical was the inner spirit of Dr. Martineau that I believe that he could not have lived in friendship with any one who sincerely held and promulgated Mansel's destroying moral heresy. The blank Agnosticism of Mr. Herbert Spencer tried my revered friend's endurance a good deal; but a doctrine which corroded the very roots of ethics would have been a great deal worse. "The spirit that denies" is far worse than the spirit which merely doubts or questions. To have a friend *disregarding* what we think holy is very trying; but to have one *disparaging* and *paralysing* it is very far worse.

In very advanced old age Martineau thought that another, though far less deadly, enemy to rational religion had appeared in the person of our present Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour. To the veteran advocate of a rationalistic though profoundly spiritual creed Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief" could not but appear as a highly

objectionable work. Accordingly, he criticised it unfavourably in the *Nineteenth Century*. I suppose that most impartial thinkers perceive clearly that Mr. Balfour's work is in some ways extremely unsatisfactory. It is written in a brilliant and forcible style, and its criticism of Absolute Idealism is acute and valuable. But with the main object of the book it is not easy to sympathise. The author makes it plain enough that philosophical and religious beliefs generally *are* to a great extent the products of custom ; but he quite fails to show that they *ought* to be. With all its brilliancy, the Prime Minister's work is essentially reactionary in its spirit. It is strangely un-Socratic. It would substitute the general consent of the half informed for the cross-examining logic of careful philosophers. Dr. Martineau thought that one of the chief aims of preachers and thinkers ought to be to take men out of the religion of custom into the religion of consciousness. Mr. Balfour apparently wishes to reverse the route ; he seems in favour of returning to the old " city of destruction " in an intellectual sense. Convinced of the many perils of our intellectual pilgrimage, and doubting greatly the possibility of reaching the celestial

city of reasoned truth and harmonised knowledge, this rather despondent guide would have us return to the doomed and precarious, though comfortable, dwelling-place of undisturbed ancestral conviction.

I imagine that the great Unitarian philosopher was quite right in deprecating all attempts to base religion on the partial or entire abnegation of reason. If our human reason be discredited, not orthodoxy, but complete scepticism must be the natural and logical result. We cannot build an abiding temple of God on the ruins of our own highest faculties. Custom is a poor substitute for reflective consciousness. Suppressed doubts are very dangerous. They are apt to burst out with volcanic violence and destroy all edifices erected over them. Thinkers like Mr. Balfour cry peace when there is no peace.

Dr. Martineau thought that the Prime Minister's book contained a good many confusions of thought. One of these certainly is the frequent identification of reason with reasoning or ratiocination. The former is a far greater thing than the latter. It is like some large, broad, and still lake, whilst ratiocination is like some small, narrow, fretting, and turbulent river which flows out of it. Reason

contains much wealth which is never made manifest in logic. And so Emerson declared that "we are wiser than we know." Moreover, Mr. Balfour's identification of Rationalism with what he calls Naturalism, or a denial of spiritual truths, is gravely misleading. *Some* Rationalism in unquestionably very unspiritual; but the Rationalism of Emerson and Martineau is profoundly spiritual. On the whole, the Prime Minister's work fails to achieve its object, though, like Mr. Mallock, he has done valuable service by exposing the exclusive pretensions of science to severe exactness of reasoning. One other thing that annoyed Martineau in "The Foundations of Belief" was the apparent attempt to claim for the doctrines of revealed religion the *same degree* of certitude as is granted to those of natural religion. At times it seemed as if the author of that interesting work went further than this, as if he almost thought that the traditional dogmas of the churches were *more* self-evident than the primal deliverances of reason and the soul, as if the conclusions had rightly *more* validity than their own premises.

A thinker very different from Mr. Balfour was Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, who was

a valued friend of James Martineau. This careful thinker declared plainly his conviction that we know the truth or validity of our own moral beliefs more clearly than we know the existence of God, and that we know the existence of God more clearly than we know the truth of the doctrine of a future life for man. This view as to the relative order of our highest beliefs was quite congenial to my friend's mind. He would have said that Mr. Balfour and others of his school often illegitimately inverted this natural order, and so created much confusion of thought. To him it seemed that conscience and reason were the revealers of God, and not God—or rather our conception of God—the revealer of conscience and reason. The true logical road for us was from man to God, and not from God to man. In the order of existence, no doubt, God was prior to our highest faculties; but in the order of human revelation these faculties come first. To invalidate the testimony of reason and conscience was to destroy the proofs of God's existence. However great and glorious the conclusions of a logical process may be, they have no right to "wax fat and kick" against their own indispensable premises. We must not put out,

suppress, or injure our eyes, in order that we may look through a telescope. Revelation may well give us a wider view of things divine than natural religion can; but this more extensive view would be of small use to us if, in expectation of it, we had already very much damaged our visual faculties. Those who promise us that we "shall be as Gods" ourselves, if we suppress our highest human gifts, speak falsely. To "be as Gods," to know the truths of the universe by direct and immediate intuition, is for us impossible. And the ambitious attempt to realise this impossible aim often prevents men from attaining what should be their true aim or object, viz., to become the sons of God. Our aim should be, not to take by storm the heavenly city of satisfying and abiding knowledge, but rather "so to pass through things temporal that we lose not finally the things eternal," so to use and trade with our earthly faculties and talents that the divine wisdom may hereafter welcome each of us into its quickening presence with the old consolatory words: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Really wise and liberal Christianity is essentially friendly to the best and finest development of our whole higher nature. This religion knows well that it is only by being adequately human that we can learn to become even incipiently divine.

Dr. Martineau had in some ways a very high opinion of Jowett. Their common love of Plato was a great bond of union. Both these thinkers were naturally idealistic in their temperaments, though the idealism of the Master of Balliol had been grievously baffled and sorely battered, and even in its original state it had been qualified by an abundance of practical shrewdness and common sense. The Unitarian philosopher very much admired Jowett's college sermons. Perhaps in them were to some extent expressed those deep spiritual aspirations which had almost ceased to hope much from the study of philosophy. I think that it must be confessed that this great educator had sought God early, and had not found Him in any satisfying way. I have sometimes wondered that Martineau's austerity was not repelled by Jowett's apparent worldliness; but I suppose that he interpreted it rightly and fairly, perceived that, like Renan's frivolity, it was but the superficial expression of baffled and

sorely disappointed seriousness. Originally both Renan and Jowett craved for "the bread of life," and if they afterwards spoke as if they overvalued mere husks, their language was really that of spiritual despair rather than that of natural carnality or indifference to higher things. Just as warm affectionateness is often petrified into hard and repellent cynicism by an unfortunate experience of the world, so is aspiring devoutness often petrified into apparently soulless worldliness.

Martineau did not think that Jowett, as he knew him in his later years, was suited to be a great religious leader or teacher. He considered his teaching too negative, too wanting in positive convictions and in enthusiasm. He sometimes spoke with a kind of perplexed amusement of Jowett's ideas as to miracles. The Master of Balliol seemed to look upon disbelief in miracles as the one sure sign of religious enlightenment. His opinion on this subject was much like that which Mrs. Humphry Ward expressed in her "Robert Elsmere." Martineau, on the other hand, looked on miracles with comparative indifference, regarded them as merely the rind of religion, and thought that either their accept-

ance or their rejection was quite compatible with profound spiritual and intellectual life. He considered that a man's attitude towards the miraculous or the apparently miraculous told us little or nothing as to the inner nature of his soul. Jowett once said to him approvingly of Bishop Temple that he had quite given up the miracles of the Old Testament; but my friend thought that this information told him very little as to that prelate's real religion.

Another Balliol man with whom the Unitarian philosopher sympathised was my old tutor and friend, the late John Nichol, Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. He recognised in the brilliant, erratic, and highly combative professor a man of real genius who never had any adequate opportunity to do himself justice. To my great delight, he told me that he thought that Nichol's little book on Carlyle contained in a small space the best and fairest account that we have in the English language of the powers, the limitations, and the achievements of the sage of Chelsea.

Professor Nichol's wife was also very congenial to Martineau, though she never knew him well. She had been brought up in a convent, and had

afterwards abandoned a good deal of her early faith, whilst retaining a most ample share of these fine moral and spiritual qualities which Catholicism so often fosters in its best adherents. The Catholicism in her soul at once gladly recognised a corresponding Catholicism reigning *in partibus infidelium*, in the great Unitarian. In their self-suppression, in their deep humility, in their tender charity, in their purity, in their serenity and quietistic contentment, and in their noble spirituality, these two beautiful souls were genuinely akin. I have often much regretted that they knew each other so slightly, that they made acquaintance so very late in life. I remember that Mrs. Nichol copied and treasured as golden words certain sentences out of a letter addressed to me by Dr. Martineau. In this letter, which is given in this volume, he reproved me with great justice for my apparent contempt for dull and commonplace people wanting in vivacity; and he suggested that there is often "something essentially, though silently, heroic" in the patient fidelity of dull people, and he pleaded for a gentler and a fairer judgment of them. Mrs. Nichol thoroughly appreciated my friend's wise teaching on this subject, being, as

she was, herself one of the gentlest and most tolerant of the human race. It is interesting to recall the fact that Thomas Arnold of Rugby thoroughly agreed with James Martineau in this matter. Though naturally quick-tempered and impatient with stupidity, the great Rugby teacher plainly declared that he often felt a real respect and even reverence for dull but conscientious schoolboys. In ethical matters the affinity between Martineau and Arnold was very great.

Of all his friends the one whom my teacher seems, in his maturer years, to have loved best was Richard Hutton, the editor of *The Spectator*. To me he appears to have rather over-valued Hutton's intellectual gifts. To me that candid and very thoughtful writer often seemed a little ponderous and wanting in vivacity. But he had been a pupil of Martineau, and, no doubt, his old tutor was able to appraise his capacities far better than those who, like myself, knew him only by his writings. Hutton's secession from Unitarianism and his devotion to the theology of Canon Liddon and other thinkers of the High Church school were at once a source of perplexity, disquietude, and hidden grief to the veteran philosopher who

could not follow his beloved friend in his spiritual pilgrimage.

Dr. Martineau had extremely little sympathy with the High Church party in the national church. At first this appears a little strange, as he so highly valued some of the great Catholic thinkers and writers. One of his staunchest philosophical allies was the Roman Catholic Dr. Ward; and he also had a profound admiration for Father Dalgairns, who belonged to the same fold. I imagine that my friend's antipathy to High Church Anglicans in some measure arose from the fact that he regarded many such divines as somewhat lacking in honesty, sincerity, and spiritual depth. I believe that he thought that they *ought* to join the Church of Rome. He had no patience with their logic. Probably he also thought that they flaunted their sacerdotalism in people's faces more than the better Roman Catholics generally do, that they were always challenging contradiction, that they were perpetually emphasising a good deal that the Catholic Church took for granted and allowed to lie more or less latent in its system; that they were rather like children with a new box of toys which they called upon every one to notice and admire. In

some ways it might well seem that the Ritualists have more need for self-assertion than the hereditary Catholics whose claim has had the sanction of so many centuries. And I think that the fervently ethical spirit of Martineau would rather *grudge* the time and labour given to making good ecclesiastical claims, and would look upon them as wasted, as so much deducted from the energy that might otherwise have been employed in directly moral and spiritual work.

With Evangelicalism my friend had far more sympathy, as had also Jowett and Dean Stanley. That form of Christianity at least dealt with undeniable realities. Its religion was intensely spiritual and internal. Its almost complete indifference to the rind of religion was eminently congenial to Martineau, who had a good deal of the Quaker in his inmost spirit. Sacraments meant very little to him. One might perhaps have expected that the apparent Antinomianism of much Evangelical religion would make it unacceptable to this austere moralist; and so it did at times in some of its more extreme forms. But I believe that Martineau's penetrating intellect in great measure discerned the truth that Evangelicalism really aimed at holiness, though some-

times seeming to seek it in a rather indirect way. The great Unitarian saint had much in common with John Wesley. Both these elect souls were fired by a sacred ambition which urged them on in quest of moral and spiritual perfection.

Moreover, James Martineau knew well, by prolonged experience, the moral and religious deficiencies of ordinary Unitarianism. In a half-conscious way he seems to have realised the fact that Unitarian religion needed, like Prometheus, to steal fire from heaven, to appropriate to itself some of that spiritual and emotional fervour in which it was so sorely deficient, and which so strikingly characterised the Evangelical religion that it had been accustomed to despise. I once asked my friend if he did not consider Unitarianism a rather chilling religion, and he said in reply, "Yes, very." A sarcastic observer might feel inclined to say that some Unitarians have apparently some reason for questioning the existence of the Holy Ghost, inasmuch as He bestows on them so wonderfully little vivifying inspiration. Religious thinkers of the Unitarian school have in past times done good service by contending for freedom of thought and by preaching "the larger hope" for our race. We all owe them a great debt

in some ways. But their emotional and spiritual dryness is sometimes almost intolerable. Their souls often seem to have been swallowed up in their reasoning faculties, and formality seems to have withered all fresh and genial spontaneity of heart and spirit.

In many ways Evangelicalism was congenial to Martineau. The hymns of Charles Wesley appealed to him strongly, and the plaintive tenderness which breathed in those of the forlorn Cowper penetrated his inmost soul. In Evangelical religion this devout Unitarian found that enthusiasm in which writers of his own denomination were for the most part grievously deficient. Moreover, this religion provided a real gospel such as could scarcely be found elsewhere. The forgiveness which it offered repentant sinners and outcasts was a more complete one than any offered either by Deists or by High Church Anglicanism. This religion loved sinners as hardly any other religion loved them. Its Christ had a real human heart full of fathomless pity. In His wounds all man's stains and sorrows might hide themselves. The apparently irreparable past could be dealt with and modified. Though men might have destroyed themselves,

their help was still in God. The pressure of that ethical fatalism which binds a man to his evil past was much lightened. This religion was essentially hopeful, knowing that, like its divine Master, it had power on earth to forgive sins. Unitarianism and High Church religion were at once less encouraging and less affectionate to sinners; they passed by in despair many a wounded wanderer whom Evangelicalism effectually consoled and aided. Low Church divines really exercised that sacred power of loosing men from their sins which others only talked about. The Church might ostentatiously rattle its divine keys; but it was left for despised Evangelicals to lead men out of their moral captivity. These comparatively unintellectual teachers alone understood the true secret of moral resurrection and redemption. They alone dared to whisper into the ears of despondent penitents that old invigorating promise of God: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten;" "None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him." Religion of this profoundly sympathetic, tender, and most hopeful sort supplied to Martineau a much-needed antidote to the old poison of Deism which still lurked

in his spirit. It disclosed to his sorrowing eyes measureless depths of divine pity in the Creator, of which his old creed knew little or nothing. It finally broke the fetters of his old oppressive Necessitarianism. Man can do all things "through Christ who strengtheneth him."

Nor was my friend wrong in supposing that this finer kind of Evangelicalism is essentially in harmony with the best Broad Church teaching. That passionate and plaintive pity which poured itself forth in Cowper's hymns was a true prelude of the immortal strains of joy in God's *universal* victory over sorrow and sin which the serene optimism of Erskine of Linlathen was destined to pour forth in later days. The whole theology of Erskine was already latent in Cowper's well-known hymn, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." The *absoluteness* of the divine love was revealed to the sad and baffled poet: its universality was revealed to the spiritual father of the Broad Church party in our days. The best Liberal religion in our time is but the finer kind of Evangelicalism *come to itself*, realising the full import of its own most important doctrines. Cowper sowed in tears what Thomas Erskine reaped in joy. The old Evangelical religion chiefly needed

to get rid of its Judaism. It needed a great apostle to the Gentiles to deliver it from narrowness, to teach it that God's purpose is to redeem humanity at large. In its best phases it has now been broadened; its heart has been enlarged, and it stands forth before our admiring eyes as a kind of modern Paul emancipated from the fetters of his old Rabbinism.

Though Dr. Martineau delighted in some forms of Evangelical religion, and though he admired and loved Luther's personality without approving of his whole creed, he did not at all like Calvinism. The Rev. John Watson is quite mistaken in his opinion that my revered friend owed much to Calvin. This opinion is expressed in the *Hibbert Journal* for January 1903. On the contrary, Martineau disliked Calvinism extremely, and was not attracted by the personality of its great exponent. Whilst readily owning that many Calvinists have been good men, and that their creed has in some circumstances a certain bracing—though hardening—quality, he yet considered this form of religion an enemy to man's best ethical and spiritual life. And that he should hold this opinion was a natural consequence of his own past development. In Cal-

vinism he recognised the ghost of that old depressing Necessitarianism, from which he had suffered so much in his earlier years. He considered that both these forms of belief are hostile to ethics. Both deny that doctrine of free will which was to Martineau as the very apple of his eye. I remember well a conversation with him on these matters in which he said how much he preferred the teaching of the greater Roman Catholic writers to that of the Calvinists, because the former recognised the value of natural religion, whilst the latter did not; because the former founded itself *ultimately* on reason and conscience, whereas the latter, by its exaggerated doctrine as to the *total* depravity of man's nature, put a stigma of spiritual incompetence on all our higher faculties. To an ardently ethical nature like that of Martineau Calvinism might well seem in one respect even *worse* than Necessitarianism, because the former positively slighted or disparaged absolute morality by resolving it into the *mere will* of God, whilst the latter simply made it unattainable to man, without pronouncing any opinion as to its intrinsic nature. The latter creed made morality impossible *for us;* the former made it meaningless for *the whole creation.*

*Theologically* also my friend considered the Calvinistic creed in some ways worse than the practically Atheistic. He thought that it gave us a morally objectionable God instead of a non-existent or inoperative one. Fate might make us in such a fashion that we could not attain real goodness; but it did not punish us for ever in consequence of our necessitated moral failure; but the Calvinistic Creator first made us incapable of holiness, and then proceeded to inflict on us eternal tortures for an incapacity which was our misfortune rather than our fault.

Calvinism of the ordinary sort is very unacceptable to two classes of souls, the intensely sympathetic and the devotedly ethical. And so Oliver Wendell Holmes called it "heart-withering," and James Martineau looked on it with disgust. John Wesley also very much disliked it. His mission was to redeem men from their sins by a full exhibition of the divine love; and, in order to accomplish that sacred object, it was absolutely necessary to teach that God loved all men and that Christ died for the whole human race, whereas Calvinism declared that He only died for the elect. It is difficult to understand how any really sane and reflecting Christian can in these

days hold the Calvinistic faith. If the Bible teaches anything with unmistakable plainness, it teaches that Christ loved all men and died for all men. Wesley's more rational and more benignant creed must have enabled him to deal with many wandering souls which would only have been repelled and perplexed by the narrower and sterner views of Whitfield.

St. Paul's Calvinism was of a very different sort from that of Augustine and the great theologian of Geneva. It is rather strange that Augustine so completely misunderstood the views of the illustrious apostle to the Gentiles; for he was a man of real genius, endowed with a vivid imagination and much passionate human feeling. Calvin, on the other hand, seems to have been a kind of frigid incarnation of the logical understanding. His misconception of Pauline theology affords an excellent illustration of the essential truth of Emerson's saying, "There is no doctrine of the reason which will bear to be taught by the understanding." Calvinism gives us the rind of St. Paul's theology without its inner kernel of meaning. It gives us the harsh and prickly bur of Absolutism without the inner seed of inescapable predestinating love for humanity at large. It

confounds deferred salvation with final reprobation and rejection. It registers Paul's transient pessimistic utterances, whilst ignoring his triumphant songs of broad-hearted universalistic optimism. It forgets how many-chambered, how impetuous, and how progressive was the deep and brooding mind of the apostle. To a great extent it has consecrated his darkness and ignored or anathematised his light; it has carefully preserved his tentative crudities of thought, whilst neglecting his profounder and mellower wisdom. Enamoured of his baffled and imperfect logic, it has forgotten the marvellous revelations of his passionate human heart, that tender and sensitive heart which gave us the incomparable portrayal of charity, and which loved its converts even when they gave no love in return, that fiery and self-sacrificing heart which exclaimed so vehemently, in the very spirit of Jesus Himself, "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren's sake." Calvinism was in truth a kind of *petrified* Paulinism, or, at the very best, it presents us with a striking instance of arrested development.

St. Paul's theology appears to have started from his intellect and to have been gradually en-

riched, broadened, vivified, and mellowed by the full development of his heart and soul. For him the divine Absolutism was at first an Absolutism of mere self-will; but it was gradually transformed into one of reason and love. The Jew began Paul's religion; but the Gentile perfected it. The omnific despot became the all-pervading reason and the all-embracing love. A kind of Christian Pantheism superseded the old narrowness of Judaism. The apostle's mind was indeed gloriously emancipated from its old fetters. It was like the genie emerging from the bottle in the ancient Arabian story. It left Judæa and soared up into heaven. There it found some solution of earth's hopeless riddles. The heavenly or ideal and universal man interpreted the perplexing enigma of the discordant earthly man. Christ was a type and a fore-gleam of a universal humanity made perfect.

The chief mistake of ordinary Calvinism is that it is too precipitate in inferring or interpreting the purposes of God. It sees the vessel marred in the potter's hands, and at once concludes that he will never shape it into anything fair and useful. But, as Bishop Butler taught, God is majestically slow and gradual in His operations. He has all

eternity in which to train our spirits. Calvinism confounds God's terrestrial decrees with His cosmical decrees, His temporary arrangements with His eternal purposes. It is too short-sighted in its outlook. It does not understand that the Creator may cast away some of His creatures for a time, with a view to their spiritual education and also to the benefit of others. It knows not that the forlorn castaways of one age or dispensation may be the Sons of Consolation of another. It sees finality where there is none. It fails to appreciate the deep significance of the solidarity of souls. It imagines that the elect, the first-fruits of our race, are chosen and glorified entirely for their own sake or for the pleasure of their Creator; and it forgets that they have a sublime mission to other souls, that they are ideals realised for a benevolent purpose, that they are in very deed the first-born among many brethren.

If St. Augustine and Calvin had read Plato, they might have formed a wiser and more adequate conception of the relation of this life to a future one in another world. The vision of Er the son of Armenius at the end of the "Republic" of Plato gives us some pregnant hints on this subject. A great multitude of souls in another

world are seen to choose the nature of their future existence by drawing lots. And, in making their selection, great use is made of past earthly experience with its failures and its sorrows. This experience makes its possessors deliberate and careful in their choice, whereas others who have not this experience are more precipitate. Thus in some cases the last become first and the first last. The reprobate become elect, and the elect become reprobate. Deferred salvation proves in some cases to be a greater and more satisfying thing than immediate or speedy salvation. Out of earth's failures are fashioned heaven's successes; mundane sinners become the saints of the cosmos. The splendid vision of Er the son of Armenius is very much in harmony with the teaching of Robert Browning.

Returning now from this digression made in vindication of my teacher's dislike of ordinary Calvinism, I may as well observe that Martineau's jealous regard for the doctrine of free will made him rather unwilling to notice the many facts of life which seem to favour belief in a kind of modified or humanised Calvinism. A belief in fate of some sort appears to be natural to man and in harmony with observed facts. In Greek thought

fate was a dark and mysterious power which was superior to all the highly anthropomorphic divinities, a kind of sombre, non-human, and impalpable force which brooded over the whole cosmos. The gods might be pacified, but fate was implacable and absolutely inexorable. It very much limited the range of free will in man. Like demoniacal possession amongst the Jews, it sometimes almost sported with men, and made them act in a way contrary to their trained characters. In modern times fate assumes the garb of heredity. In his essay on Fate, Emerson brings out plainly enough the terrible agency of this subtle and hidden enemy of human freedom. He says, "How shall a man escape from his ancestors, or draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his father's or his mother's life? It often appears in a family as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionally relieved."

James Martineau had so thoroughly realised by

experience the many evils of Necessitarianism that he disliked to look in the face any view or truth that seemed likely to bring back that depressing creed. The pessimism of Thomas Hardy's novels was very uncongenial to him. He could not endure to think that the heavenly powers in any way sport with us as Hardy declared that they did with his unfortunate heroine, Tess. In this I believe that Martineau was right; but he also inclined to ignore the scientific teaching as to heredity. He was too much inclined practically to regard each man as the sole manufacturer of his own character. An exaggerated idea of free will combined with lingering Deism to make my friend unduly jealous of all outside interference with the soul's internal and spontaneous development. I cannot recall a single passage in his writings in which any recognition is shown of the very obvious truth that some unfortunate beings are manifestly predestined to evil here on earth, are born with such vehement propensities to sin, endowed with such weak and defective volitional power, and reared and educated amidst such extremely unfavourable surrounding circumstances, that they inevitably turn out vicious to a great extent, and could not

possibly be virtuous except by the intervention of a miracle. The late W. R. Greg thoroughly appreciated this melancholy and significant truth ; and he sympathised so strongly with these forlorn sinners predestined on earth to moral destruction that he declared boldly that they had a *special* claim for pity and compensation in another world ; that, paradoxical though it may sound, many of those least fitted for heaven had yet the greatest and strongest claim to be admitted into it. These utterly abortive lives seem to demand a sequel elsewhere more imperiously than any successful ones. As John Stuart Mill remarked, "It is hard to die without having ever truly lived."

The essentially solitary spirit of Unitarian religion naturally tends to make its adherents a little blind to many of the facts that favour a kind of Augustinianism. They often underrate the moral and spiritual power of our environment and the force of *social* influences. In order to preserve intact strict individual responsibility, Unitarian thinkers often run a very real risk of seriously impoverishing our higher life. They restrain sympathy, lest it should invade the sacred territory of free will. They want each man to do

everything for himself in the moral world. They preserve individuality from the pollution of foreign influence ; but they forget that, if kept in undue isolation, the rust and moth are sure to corrupt it, that in this as in so many other senses, "He that keepeth his life shall lose it." They sometimes ignore the truth that we must *trade* with our talents, that spiritual isolation is spiritual torpor or death, that the branch *cannot* bear fruit of itself, that in some ways we must be invaded in order to become adequately free. In some respects the ethical wisdom of the more arid sort of Unitarianism seems to me rather like that of the timid and conscientiously scrupulous servant who hid his talent in a napkin. *Its* napkin is a kind of unenthusiastic and unsympathetic decorum.

I believe that this excessive regard for our own free will is really injurious. We must go forth from self and touch the hem of the garments of natures higher than our own if we would indeed be saved. God forbid that we should seek to retain the abject poverty of our meagre individualistic freedom. Our free will must be suspended occasionally for a time in order that it may be permanently enlarged and strengthened. Some-

times angels come and "smite us on the side," and break our chains of inherited limitations, and we *resent* their interference and hug our fancied freedom. It frequently happens that the new motives for a higher life must come to us from others. We must to some extent renounce our individuality and be grafted into the larger life of our race. The spirit of Jesus must in some measure replace our old narrow and self-seeking spirits. Nor need we timidly shrink from this partial incorporation into a grander whole. Our freedom will emerge again, as some impetuous stream flows forth again from some vast lake in which it has been lost for a time. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

I do not think that Martineau was ever completely at home amongst the abounding paradoxes of intensely vivid emotional and spiritual life. In some of his moods of mind he appears to be amongst the class which F. W. Newman called the once-born as contrasted with the twice-born. The realms of passionate feeling were not to him his native land. He understood the world's sages better than he understood its heroes. St. Augustine must often have perplexed and

even repelled him. He held with the serene Wordsworth that "the Gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul." His was an austere soul which had been disciplined into sympathy. His native land was the land of purity rather than the land of love. Imagination also was in him of far later growth than reasoning. When confronted with the inherent paradoxes of man's self-contradictory nature and the morality-transcending mysteries of the Kingdom of God, he was often a little too inclined to ask, "How can these things be?" He relied perhaps rather too exclusively on his ethical intuitions. He did not know how large a part of them was transitional, that they also needed to be "born again."

For my part, I quite believe that a modified Calvinism has in it more elements of truth than my friend was ready to concede to it. In my book called "Christian Instincts and Modern Doubt" I wrote thus some years ago: "All really vivid and influential Theism ever tends towards Augustinianism. Pelagianism believes only in a kind of absentee Creator. No Arminian ever wrought a great moral or spiritual revolution. Inspired men see and feel God everywhere. He

truly is the one only living and substantial reality, compared with which all other forms of life are but fugitive and phantasmal unrealities." In this passage I expressed my meaning rather carelessly—John Wesley was certainly an Arminian. What I meant to say was that no *Pelagian* ever worked a great moral and spiritual revolution. All the deepest piety regards itself as only an instrument in the hands of God. It disowns all claims to personal merit. For itself and its kinsmen it ever cries, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise." And in this song of self-abasing religious humility the sceptical Emerson was willing to join with heart and soul. He looked upon our whole higher life as a kind of perpetual receiving. We are but vehicles to receive the inspiration of the Over-Soul. He thoroughly agreed with the Augustinian teaching of John: "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."

Profoundly though I dislike what is commonly called Calvinism, there are yet two out of the five points of that creed which seem to me to contain manifest truth; I mean the doctrines of irresistible grace and of final perseverance. I believe that in some cases divine grace really is

irresistible, that it pours itself into the soul with such force as to bear down all opposition, that God saves men in spite of the resistance of their lower nature. I do not think that this temporary suspension of free will occurs in what we may call normal instances of conversion; but I believe that it does occur in some rare and exceptional instances. God so floods some souls with light that they cannot help seeing things as they really are; He draws some souls so strongly that they cannot help going to Him. Martineau did not share my opinions on this subject. He regarded them as rather dangerous. His jealousy for unimpaired free will made him dislike them. And yet it appears to me that these opinions are almost necessarily involved in the belief in the final *complete* victory of the divine goodness, which my friend certainly *did* hold. Otherwise God's merciful purpose towards our race might in some cases be thwarted by the perverse power of the obstinate human will. I do not think that the Most High bestows on any of His creatures a kind of delegated and separate omnipotence of resistance. The belief that God will shrink from any process necessary to overcome the foolish obstinacy of His creatures is not, I think, a

cautious and sober-minded Christian belief, though it usually passes for such. In reality, this unbelieving belief is but a poor futile ghost of the old inoperative Deistic creed which ignored the abiding immanence of God in man, which represented God's connection with the creation as precarious and not essential, which imagined that He made the universe as a man might make a machine, and then looked on with placid indifference, and "saw it go."

Moreover, the way in which we are permitted to a very great extent to shape and mould the wills of our neighbours, and sometimes even to invade and almost transform their inner personality, seems to indicate that God has no very jealous regard for the barren autonomy and sterile self-sufficiency of each separate will. Which of us would scruple to cast devils out of our neighbour's heart, even though he might greatly love those devils? Now, here on earth, spiritual magnetism is an indisputable reality greatly influencing and modifying free will. Why, then, should it cease in another life? When the Good Shepherd carries lost sheep in his arms, against their wishes, out of the city of destruction or away from the dangerous preci-

pices of arid mountains, I think that he may very well be pardoned for his temporary disregard of the sacred rights of personal freedom. After all, the difference between Martineau's views on this subject and those of a modified Calvinism are only differences of *degree*. The Unitarian philosopher confessed that *some measure* of divine grace is indispensable for the salvation of the soul, whilst the Augustinian theologians owned that at *some stage* of the process, though not necessarily throughout the whole process, some measure of genuine assent and conscious co-operation is necessary. As St. Bernard wisely remarked, " If you take away grace, there remains no means of salvation ; if you take away free will, there is nothing left to be saved."

The Deistic desire to limit the operations of divine and semi-miraculous grace in the conversion of the soul reminds one of an old story concerning the King of France and the Jesuits during the controversy that raged about the supposed miracles that occurred in the famous monastic establishment at Port Royal. These reputed miracles, supposed to be wrought as a kind of divine testimony in favour of the Jansenists, so annoyed and irritated the King that he

wished, if possible, to suppress them ; and some witty person, in ridicule of his wish, proposed to put up a notice in Port Royal to this effect : " On the part of the King it is forbidden to God to work miracles in this place."

Dr. Martineau gave up belief in God's absolute foreknowledge, as he considered it inconsistent with the real freedom of the human will. Very probably he was right in this, though one cannot feel quite certain ; and at any rate God's abnegation of complete foreknowledge of human actions only applies to a small portion of those actions, and not to the whole of them. Professor W. James, of Harvard, in his interesting work, " The Will to Believe, and Other Essays," rather diminishes our perplexity on this matter by a very admirable simile. He compares God's relation to man with that of an expert in the game of chess to a novice in the same game. The expert does not know beforehand exactly what moves the novice *will* make ; but he does know all the moves that he *can* make, and is already prepared to deal with him accordingly, so that the final ending is certain enough. This view of Professor James is quite in harmony with that of Martineau, who considered that God knew before-

hand all the open possibilities in the case of the human soul, all the various courses that it could possibly take.

My friend would never agree with me as to the other Augustinian or Calvinistic doctrine that I hold, the final perseverance of the saints. I believe that he considered this doctrine false and dangerous. Yet, when reasonably stated and limited, I believe that there is much truth in it. No doubt, a converted man may relapse into gross sin; but still I hold that one whose eyes have once been opened to discern the intrinsic glory of true religion can never become utterly irreligious. He may wallow in sin for a time, but he cannot lose the religious sense. He may sin with David; but he cannot mock with Voltaire or sneer with Gibbon. Possibly St. Augustine might have relapsed into his former sensuality; but he never could have forgotten the heavenly vision; he never could have become a David Hume or a Comte. The creed of Materialism had also become for ever impossible to him; neither could he ever truly *rest* in evil.

Dr. Martineau's repudiation of the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints appears to me to have one very awkward consequence. It seems

to deprive heaven of its chief charm to weary and baffled spirits like that of Cardinal Newman. If the reality of free will *now* necessarily implies the possibility of complete relapse into sinfulness, why should it not do the same in the next world? And yet Newman declared that the entire cessation of all painful moral efforts was to him an indispensable element of the heaven for which he yearned; and if in heaven no such efforts were required, it is difficult to believe that there could then be any real risk of relapse. Perhaps my friend would have replied that in heaven the soul would have its trials and difficulties, but that they would not be of quite the same sort as those encountered on earth. It might have temptations to sink to a somewhat lower level, and yet be exempt from all temptations to gross evil. Thus free will might be preserved almost intact, and at the same time the soul might be safe as regards any great or irretrievable relapse. I believe that Martineau considered liability to sin much more inseparably linked with the possibility of moral goodness than it really is. He did not seem to believe that choice between a variety of alternatives, *all of which were good*, would suffice for the requirements of free will. Thus on

page 349 of the first volume of "The Life and Letters of James Martineau," in a letter written in 1853, we meet with the following startling statement: "We deceive ourselves by talking of *human* frailty as if it were an attribute of our race exclusively, and would be escaped by going out into higher natures. Surely *liability to sin* must attach to all beings capable of a moral life and invested with a holy trust at all; and a bad angel must be just as possible as a wicked man. The possibilities of unfaithfulness can never be shut out so long as you remain in that realm of free will, beyond which faithfulness and unfaithfulness alike disappear."

I confess that I cannot understand this passage. It seems to declare either that God has no moral life or else that He is liable to sin. Is there absolutely no scope for His volitional energy in a multitude of possibilities all of which are good? Is evil indispensable to disperse that stagnant monotonous calm in which volition is impossible? Does heaven need a slight infusion of hell to give it a flavour and so evoke a preference? Why may we not locate the needful irritant or quickener called evil *outside* God? Why may we not imagine Him as an all-good "man of war" con-

tending with a resisting wickedness that is powerless to affect His own interior life? John Stuart Mill considered that belief in a good God of somewhat restricted power is a morally invigorating creed.

It also appears to me that, if we depict to ourselves any of the divine faculties, such as free will, operating in just the same way that similar faculties operate in ourselves, we become liable to the attacks which Mr. Herbert Spencer makes on Theism. That great Agnostic is, I imagine, quite right in declaring that consciousness and deliberate choice in God cannot be just like the same or similar processes in us. They must be extremely different in some ways in an omniscient being endowed with almost boundless power.

It is interesting to notice the fact that the myriad-minded Plato at one time held a doctrine very like the Calvinistic one as to the final perseverance of the saints. In his dialogue called "Phædrus" he makes Socrates say, "Those who have once begun the heavenward pilgrimage may not go down again to darkness and the journey beneath the earth, but they live in light always."

I never had much conversation with Dr.

Martineau about the doctrine of Evolution; but it is evident that he accepted it with some needful modifying reservations. He perceived plainly that Evolution is a process, and not properly a force or power. He also believed that the creation of every soul involved a new exercise of divine power. He thought, like Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, that the evolutionary process needed fresh assistance at certain critical stages, that the highest forms of life are not a *mere* development of lower ones. Dr. Russel Wallace thinks that there was a hitch in the process when the organic arose out of the inorganic. Martineau was rather in doubt about this, but he thoroughly agreed with Wallace in holding that there was certainly a hitch when sensation or consciousness first appeared, and a still greater hitch when man appeared with his characteristic moral endowments. He entirely dissented from the doctrine of Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer that man's moral intuitions are a mere development of animal feelings and instincts. In this opinion I am convinced that he was right. Evolution, reasonably interpreted, does not mean that there is *nothing* in the final product that was not in the primal germ. This is not true even of

plants. The environment contributes much to the final result; and this is far more true of psychical evolution than of physical. God besets man behind and before, and touches to fine issues all his highest nascent faculties. We must not interpret the doctrine of Evolution in a Deistic way. We must not forget or ignore the agency of the immanent God. Conscience in its highest forms cannot possibly be a mere defecation of animal feelings. It may have been reared in the lowly manger of man's natural affections; but we must look elsewhere for its source or ultimate parentage.

I imagine that in some ways the doctrine of Evolution was congenial to Martineau's mind, and in other ways rather uncongenial. To his intellect, when reasonably interpreted, it was not unwelcome; but to his intensely refined moral and spiritual nature it must always have been a little trying. The close relationship which it sought to establish between the highest and the lowest in man was startling and a little repulsive. It was not pleasant to think that conscience had such low-born and coarse relations, even though they were not full brothers or sisters. These coarse relations might seem to deprive conscience

of a little of its ancient prestige. It was almost as if the glorious fontal Ideas of the Platonic philosophy were alleged to be very near relatives of low and incurably debased matter, or as if the mysterious Melchisedek were proved to be partly of plebeian origin. On the other hand, my friend's fastidious ethical purity might instinctively welcome Evolution as a sort of scapegoat bearing away some of the supposed moral limitations of the Creator and many very real offences of erring humanity. If the creature were made subject to vanity and error "not willingly," the foulness and baseness of human sinfulness would be lessened. Still, free will would necessarily be somewhat limited in its range, and that limitation was not acceptable to Martineau.

Perhaps we may say that the doctrine of Evolution suggests a closer natural connection between spirit and matter than the earlier philosophers were willing to allow. Perhaps it gives to God's vesture a deeper and more permanent significance than it formerly had. Perhaps things material are types, shadows, or preludes of things spiritual. Perhaps the inertness and grovelling lowness of matter in some of its forms are not an aboriginal

characteristic of it, but only a result of a kind of fall, just as the rags and squalor of the prodigal son were not the expression of his normal condition, but the result of his foolish wandering. To the Unitarian thinker the ultimate redemption of matter might have seemed far more possible or likely than to philosophers of the Idealist school; for he believed that it is co-eternal with God, "neither made, nor created, nor begotten," whereas they deny its eternal existence and derive it entirely from God as a dependent thing.

Turning now from these deep and perplexing problems to ordinary religion as it exists at present in our ecclesiastical organisations, I have to observe that Martineau had in some ways far more sympathy with the Established Church of Scotland than with the Church of England. He thought that the northern church is far more ready to welcome liberal religious ideas than her southern sister is; he thought that although her formal confessions of faith are narrower and harsher, her present animating spirit is both broader and more human. He told me that he was glad that I had several times preached in a Presbyterian pulpit, and that he had much sym-

pathy with men like my old friend, Dr. George Matheson, formerly minister of St. Bernard's Church in Edinburgh. He was strongly opposed to the disestablishment of the Scottish national church.

With the Free Church my friend's sympathy was considerably less. He had seen it at its worst in early days in the Highlands, and he was not flattering in his description of it. In a letter written in 1861, and published in the "Life and Letters of James Martineau," he wrote thus of it: "Nothing more hideous in form, blind in intelligence, and hateful in spirit than the Free Church religion, as administered among the Gaelic population, is to be found, I apprehend, in Europe, short of Naples and Sicily. Buckle, read upon the spot, scarcely seems to exaggerate. The peculiarity of the popular Protestantism here is that it seems to have done nothing towards elevating the habits and temporal well-being of the peasantry."

This severe condemnation of the Free Church was written by Martineau nearly thirty-nine years before his death; and in his later life I am sure that he gladly recognised a wonderful and salutary change in the whole temper and spirit of that

church. He noticed with real satisfaction its admirable devotion to the critical study of the Bible and its origins. And with even greater satisfaction he saw a broader and more human theology taking the place of the harsh old Calvinism which he so strongly disliked. Some Free Church thinkers have manifestly imbibed a good deal of Dr. Martineau's own spirit, and now write in his intensely ethical tone. Mr. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" was not at all congenial to my friend; but his later works showed evident traces of the moral and spiritual influence of the great Unitarian.

With regard to the Church of England Dr. Martineau held very despondent views in his later years. He had hoped that it might be so widened as to take in the Nonconformists, and so become a really national church; but those hopes had been completely disappointed; and in consequence my friend had abandoned all expectation of seeing it reformed and broadened. He looked on Mr. Gladstone as one of the greatest obstacles to the nationalising of the church. He told me once that he had found that statesman extremely narrow in his religious ideas. He said that Gladstone seemed to think that there is no *authority*

for believing in the salvation of those not belonging to any Episcopalian Church, and that if they are saved, their salvation must be effected only by God's uncovenanted mercies. I made Martineau laugh by saying to him that, as a rule, in the theories of most divines, these uncovenanted mercies did not really mean very much, that they were like the deferred shares of a very impoverished railway. He had had a good deal of conversation with Gladstone on religious matters when staying at Penmaenmawr in the summer of the year 1867.

In his later years the Unitarian philosopher evidently thought that the sacerdotal element is so inwoven into the texture of Anglican doctrine and worship that it cannot be got rid of or even reduced to quiescence. Moreover, he very much disliked some portions of the liturgy, whilst freely recognising the stateliness and beauty of much of the ritual of the national church. He particularly disliked the Litany on account of its very explicit Trinitarianism, and also because he considered its reiterated deprecations of the divine wrath to be very suggestive of an unmerciful and rather cruel God. A good many Trinitarians are inclined to agree with him as

regards his second ground of objection to the Litany. I remember well that the saintly Alexander Ewing, formerly Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, said to me that he very much disliked what he considered to be such excessive deprecations of God's anger. He thought that such reiterated deprecations are really very derogatory to the divine character, as implying that God's natural tendency is to be harsh and severe towards His weak and erring creatures. The bishop also thought that much unbelief in God's goodness is implied in the popular expression of extreme fear as to falling into His hands. He said to me once concerning people who used that expression, "I wonder in whose hands they think that they *now* are."

Dr. Martineau had, on the whole, a very poor opinion of the English bishops. He considered that they were only nominal leaders of the church. I remember his saying to me that very few of our prelates had any real powers of thought, and he wondered much why our few intellectual bishops, such as Lightfoot and Westcott, did not endeavour to find a new and solid basis for religion, knowing, as he said that they *must*, that the old basis had been destroyed. This intellectual torpor of our

more intelligent prelates caused my friend frequent astonishment and very grave concern. Speaking generally, the lack of deep, honest, and resolute thoughtfulness in the Church of England very much disgusted Martineau. He considered that, to a great extent, Ritualism had displaced thought. He declared that our modern Ritualists sought to make up for their mental poverty by externally beautiful services, that they ministered to men's æsthetic instincts, whilst keeping their minds at an intellectual level not much above that of the Salvation Army.

The prominence given by Anglicanism to the sacraments was not at all congenial to James Martineau. He considered the baptismal ceremony suited only to converts from heathenism, and his views of the Eucharist were purely Zwinglian. Indeed I rather wonder that he retained the latter sacrament at all. On this point he is apparently exposed to a charge of inconsistency. In the " Seat of Authority in Religion " he evidently thinks that the Last Supper was only *intended* to go on for a few years, until the expected return of the Lord ; yet he continued to celebrate it and even prepared and published Communion Addresses. However, the incon-

sistency is much more apparent than real. No doubt, he would have said that, though the sacrament had originally been intended to go on only for a short time, yet experience of its elevating usefulness justified us in continuing to use it. In this matter he differed from Emerson, who thought that it ought to be entirely given up.

Though Martineau had many valued friends in the Church of England, he never quite approved of the intellectual position of Broad Churchmen who remained in it. With *some* members of that party he had indeed little sympathy, I mean with its more unspiritual members, whose minds seem to have been secularised, who give up the deepest religious problems in despair, and devote themselves almost exclusively to the improvement of men's bodily condition, who would put physical science in the place of religious knowledge and communion with God. With these religionists my friend had little in common. But these were not the only Anglican Broad Churchmen whom he censured. He blamed even those whom he both admired and loved. He thought that men like Dean Stanley ought to have seceded from the Established Church. This opinion may appear inconsistent with his

old ardent desire to broaden the church; but it was not so really. He considered it eminently desirable to alter the formularies, so as to admit many who are now excluded; but until they have been altered, he reckoned it wrong and almost dishonest for those to remain in the church who question many of the doctrines expressed in its rather narrow and rigid creeds and other documents.

There seems an obvious answer to this teaching of the austerely conscientious Unitarian. If all who perceive the unsatisfactory nature of our present formularies secede from the church, then these untenable and antiquated documents will never be altered. *Internal* dissatisfaction must necessarily precede the reformation of a church. The secession or banishment of all progressive minds would make our church as stagnant as a Chinese church. St. Paul dissented profoundly in many ways from the church at Jerusalem; but he did not think it necessary to cease all communion with it. He withstood Peter to the face for the sake of larger truth; but he did not wish to separate himself entirely from him. Pressure from within is the best mode of expanding a church. Pauline ideas

were ultimately victorious because they worked like leaven in a semi-Judaic religion. If they had organised themselves at once into a rival form of Christianity, their triumph would have been far more doubtful and less complete. The Apostle to the Gentiles was a wise Broad Churchman. The "shipmen" must not "flee out of the ship" when it is apparently wrecked. Enlightened, thoughtful, and experienced souls must not abandon a great religion battered, bruised, and buffeted by fierce storms of doubt. They must remain in it for the sake of others. Only thus can the more ignorant and simple-minded, like the soldiers, be eventually saved. What are the unwise to do, if the wise abandon them? "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." Surely it is better to be deemed dishonest by man for a time than to run any risk of being finally accounted unpitiful by God. St. Paul cared but little for intellectual consistency as compared with that divine charity which he knew to be the noblest thing in the world. He was willing to accommodate his knowledge to the requirements of the weakness of others. He did not wish to outrun the feeble-minded and leave them alone. With him heresy

was a matter of the heart, and not of the head. He said, "To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." When tempted to set up an entirely intellectual church holding only reasoned truth, the great apostle heard the forlorn cry of the ignorant, imploring him to abide with them and have patience with them. In his ears there sounded ever an inescapable and haunting echo of his own passionately human and Christlike remonstrance: "Through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?"

I think that it is evident that enlightened souls *would* really injure their weaker brethren if they were to withdraw from communion with them for the sake of intellectual consistency. They would be supposed to disdain or repudiate not only the outer husks of popular doctrines, but also their inner core of meaning. And so they would be thought to despise what they truly value; and simple minds would be at once saddened and perplexed. Their own spiritual food would begin to seem to them less valuable, when they saw it utterly repudiated by men of higher intellect. Unadulterated truth is not for

man in his present state. It is impossible to eliminate all innutritious elements from the bread of life. It is better that men should feed themselves on partially adulterated bread than that they should be starved on account of our fastidiousness. All widely accepted creeds must necessarily be compromises. They cannot possibly express anything like adequately the present inmost convictions of minds constituted in different ways and living at different periods of the world's history. Truth must always suffer loss to a considerable extent when it is compressed into definite and coherent formulas. We really live by present inspiration, and not by any ancient philosophies. The unrestrained use of the logical understanding often acts as a corrosive solvent, whereas sympathy acts as a cement. If anything approaching to intellectual unanimity were requisite for the constitution of a church, there would be as many churches as individuals. Each soul would carry about its own church, as the snail adheres to its own peculiar shell. Each man's creed is largely the result of his idiosyncrasies. As Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily observed, "Smith believes in the Smithate of truth; Brown believes in the Brownate of truth."

I often think that we take our churches and our creeds too seriously. We forget that to progressive souls they are only tents for a night, and cannot be permanent temples. The soul inevitably outgrows many of its old beliefs. The attempt to stereotype religious convictions is an absurd one. Those who accuse Broad Churchmen of intellectual dishonesty assume the possibility for us of adequate knowledge of the most difficult subjects. They forget that all our knowledge is inadequate, provisional, and essentially relative. A deeper scepticism may well save us from a shallower and more precipitate scepticism. If once we realise the fact that *all* our ideas of God are mere approximations to knowledge, we shall cease to pose as intellectual purists, and shall seek in moral, spiritual, and emotional sympathy that bond of union which the understanding can never give us. Creeds are but milestones on the road to life eternal. They are not like the pillar of fire which indicated and guaranteed God's accompanying presence to journeying Israel. Present inspiration and guidance makes each generation to a great extent a law unto itself and independent of the wisdom of ancestors. We ought to be far nearer to God

than our progenitors were, and in consequence our creed ought to be truer. The tendency to look back for guidance is a fatal tendency. In great measure we progress by oblivion of the past. Christ Himself plainly taught that God's revelation of Himself to man is gradual and progressive.

Dr. Martineau himself admitted the provisional and inadequate nature of our religious knowledge when he said in a sermon called "The Besetting God," "It is the essence and beginning of religion to feel that all our belief and speech respecting God is untrue, yet infinitely truer than any non-belief and silence." Consequently our creeds ought not to be taken as descriptions of God, but only as faint adumbrations of ineffable mysteries.

Since, then, it is clear that we cannot in this life attain to anything like pure truth as to the being and nature of God, since all our knowledge must be mixed with much error, it does not seem wise or right to separate ourselves from our brethren for the sake of merely metaphysical dogmas. Definition is often the worst foe of adoring reverence. As Dean Milman thought, the application of the anatomical precision of Greek philosophical language to the somewhat

vague ideas of primitive Christianity was a mistake and a perversion of true religion. The Fatherhood of God is our true "pillar of fire," and we are better without the *ignes fatui* of transient and bewildering systems of abstract Ontology. The bond of union between Jesus and His simple peasant followers was a moral and spiritual one to which metaphysics contributed nothing.

Of course I do not mean that men ought *never* to fight for truth, that they ought always to acquiesce or to seem to acquiesce in current teaching. On the contrary, I believe that Luther was quite right in opposing the corruptions of the Roman church at any cost. When we are convinced that certain established beliefs are *morally and spiritually* injurious, we are bound to oppose them vigorously and to do all that we can to emancipate men from their injurious influence. But the case seems to be very different with regard to *merely speculative* mistakes, to errors that cannot possibly affect conduct. With regard to these, I hold that we are often justified in leaving them alone. To attack them openly would often do far more harm than good. We have no right to expect all Christians to be

philosophers. The plurality in unity of the divine nature as conceived by profound reflection must inevitably be very different from that same plurality as depicted to itself by the popular imagination. Yet both conceptions alike, that of the peasant as well as that of the philosopher, may embody or at least dimly adumbrate important practical truth having a real influence on man's higher life. Both conceptions may contain the heart or root of the matter; both may, in different tongues, proclaim the same profoundly operative religious and moral doctrine, that God's unity does not imply absolute solitariness, that God has something analogous to what we call a *social* nature, that the source of all love is Himself the eternal seat or dwelling-place of love.

Extreme zeal for intellectual consistency or what is called honesty is often highly injurious morally. Whilst pulling up the tares of intellectual misconceptions, we are often in much danger of pulling up the wheat of the finest moral and spiritual qualities. Some homely forms of human goodness will scarcely bear to be transplanted from the rich soil of the despised plains or valleys of instinct into the bleak mountain regions

of rationalised truth. Much of the best force of our hearts clings to the ancestral soil of early faith. The man with only one talent is often dear to Christ. He did not try to turn Martha into a metaphysician. He would have been quite capable of loving those ignorant and heretical souls which had not so much as heard whether there was any Holy Ghost.

I hold that the really Liberal Christian, the man who is a Broad Churchman after the fashion of our Lord, is one who tries to get behind all transient metaphysical formulas, and with patient eyes to discern their deep and abiding moral and spiritual significance, one who knows that in man the heart is of far more importance than the head, one who appreciates the meaning of the great apostle to the Gentiles when he declared, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Such a man will put up with the unsightly husks of many religious doctrines out of consideration for their inner meaning. And with regard to his more ignorant fellow-men, he will have patience with their uncouth and illogical modes of speech, out of affection for that indwelling moral and emotional richness which is more than they are as yet able to express at all ade-

quately or coherently. Even the childlike stammerers of God's heavenly kingdom are to him far nobler and more congenial than the glib logicians of a merely mundane philosophy. The Infinite lying in a manger is higher than the finite arrayed in the academical robes of a learned professor of Utilitarianism. God often chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. Jesus very often ignored the superficial intellectual ignorance of His peasant followers, and answered not their poor faltering words, but the infinite depths of aspiration and the inarticulate cries of bewilderment and want that so often moaned disconsolately in the hidden recesses of their undeveloped souls.

It is manifest that modern thinkers ought not to be required to receive all the old religious formulas in *exactly the same sense* as that which was put upon them by those who first propounded and used them. Prophets or men of spiritual genius are often only half conscious of the full significance of their own words or doctrines. They are, in Emersonian language, "wiser than they know." They speak in part to their own age, and in part to ages to come. Their transitory and inferior wisdom is immediately understood,

because it is clothed in the temporary metaphysics of the age; but their abiding and deeper wisdom is often for a long time hidden because it can as yet find no intellectual expression. So it was with the teaching of Jesus. He could not translate the sacred mysteries of His heavenly and absolute religion into the local or sectarian dialect of His ordinary hearers. He had many things to say which His disciples "could not bear" at that time. The Spirit of Truth would lead men gradually on to fuller and more satisfying forms of Christianity. It is not right to make the provisional teaching even of that loftiest soul a barrier to the reception of larger knowledge. Christ is with us in a more satisfying way than He was with former ages. Our religion need not be a mere reverberation of bygone experiences.

In the case of all merely human religious teachers it is plain enough that only *a part* of their knowledge deserves to be retained permanently as valid. They had their treasure of lasting wisdom in the "earthen vessels" of merely provisional conceptions. We need not scruple to break up those earthen vessels. The true continuity of Christianity is to be found in a certain

divine spirit or temper of mind, and not in unchanging dogmas or ceremonies. The true Apostolical succession is one of the heart and soul, and not of fleshly consecration, or of the logical understanding. The best heirs of a great religious or philosophical master are not those who insist on retaining his whole system exactly as he left it, but those who are able to discriminate between the vital and the non-essential elements of his teaching, and, whilst preserving its inner essence, make such changes in its outward form as are necessary to adapt it to the requirements of later ages. These wise heirs keep the teaching of their master really alive and influential, whilst those who seek to stereotype his wisdom deprive it of all present power and really petrify it.

In the case of the Church of England it is *impossible* for any thinking man to hold *all* the doctrines contained in the Prayer-Book, since we have Calvinistic Articles and an Arminian Liturgy. It is manifest that our formularies are the result and expression of a compromise, that they were not designed to be exclusive, that they were deliberately intended to secure the adhesion of widely different minds.

That brilliant controversial writer, Mr. Mallock,

evidently considers our broader religious thinkers dishonest. He says that they are practically a new firm trading under an old name. To me this view appears essentially misleading. Liberal thinkers in the Church of England and amongst Nonconformists do not seek to set aside the teaching of Christ, but rather to revert to it. Their cry is ever "Back to Christ." Those who carefully restore fine pictures ought not to be reckoned their destroyers. Mr. Mallock identifies the whitewash with which ignorant churchwardens have disfigured many of our ancient churches with the original designs of great architects aiming at the highest beauty. Thus he confounds loving and devoted piety with hostility. It is *because* we love and value the religion of Jesus that we try to separate it from the hideous accretions which have obscured and well-nigh buried it. Surely it is manifest that Maurice and Erskine of Linlathen were *far nearer* to the spirit of Christ than Tertullian, Calvin, or Pusey. St. Paul knew Christ all the more genuinely and profoundly in the spirit when he had ceased to know him after the flesh. Former ages to a great extent fed themselves on the rind of Christianity; we seek to feed on its inner

kernel. Our more devout Liberal thinkers ought not to be called unbelievers ; for they are in truth " Repairers of the breach, the Restorers of paths to dwell in." Intellectual patience and far-ranging tender human sympathy are not " marks of the beast," but signs and tokens of the very best and most Christian religion.

When selecting a religion, I think that we ought to follow the guidance of our own highest faculties taken collectively. We ought to consider in what direction are our deepest and most permanent affinities. " The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." When the intellectual difficulties of two competing religious systems are about equal, our moral and spiritual nature affords the best court of arbitration that we can find. Suitableness to expand, nourish, and strengthen all man's grandest instincts and capacities is the best mark or note of a true and universal guide in matters ethical and religious. In this, as in other matters, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* Catholicity, in the real sense, is an indispensable sign of a genuinely God-given mode of worship.

In his more recent writings Mr. Mallock seems to be coming round to something like this view.

In a series of articles in the *Fortnightly Review*—since gathered together into a book called "Religion as a Credible Doctrine"—this interesting writer first proceeds to demolish *all* the intellectual evidences for religion, and afterwards goes on to say that we may still retain our religion on account of its admirable moral effects. I cannot altogether agree with this way of presenting the case. I do not admit that we have *no* rational evidence for the truth of religion. Mr. Mallock is not conspicuous for exactness of thought or language when stating the arguments which he considers unsatisfactory. His treatment of the evidences for belief in God, in the soul, in Free Will, and in a future life, illustrates his unintentional tendency to unfairness and exaggeration. Whilst it is true that we have no *absolutely demonstrative* evidence for the doctrines of natural religion, it is not true that we have no evidence at all. We have a considerable number of conspiring probabilities whose cumulative weight is very great. Mr. Mallock argues as if *all* the difficulties inherent in these great subjects were those which beset the defenders of reasonable Theism, as if on the Atheistic side there were no difficulties at all. Such a view is very gravely

misleading. If we deny that the Universe is the result and expression of a supreme mind, we are bound to offer at least some plausible conjecture as to its origin apart from the agency of such a mind. It seems to me that all Materialistic or Atheistic accounts of the Universe make very great demands on faith or credulity. Modern science has done nothing to invalidate the verdict of Bacon: "I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran than that this universal frame is without a mind."

In a similar way we may say that the difficulties in the way of rationally denying the existence of a soul in man, accompanied by some degree of Free Will, are at least as great as those involved in affirming it. So that, in retaining a natural religion, we have not to encounter the pronounced hostility of reason; at worst, reason is neutral in the matter, though to me it assuredly seems that reason *suggests*, whilst it does not force upon us, the Theistic faith and its accompanying moral and spiritual teaching. I believe that a Theism such as that of James Martineau is, on merely intellectual grounds, very far more probable than any kind of Atheism, though I admit that it cannot be absolutely

guaranteed by pure intellect. When seeking for truth on such subjects, we undoubtedly meet with *some* resistance, turn whithersoever we may, but I hold that the *least* resistance is encountered by reason when moving in the direction of Theism. All attempted solutions of these high problems leave us burdened with many insoluble mysteries ; but I believe that the intellectual burdens of Atheism are far worse than those of intelligent and patient faith.

I cannot, therefore, *entirely* agree with Mr. Mallock's recent deliverances about religion. But I do cordially agree with them in part. I do think that the revelations of our intellect need to be *supplemented* by those of our moral and spiritual faculties. I do think that it is a profoundly significant fact that some Theistic elements are indispensable for any working and invigorating theory of human life. Any belief which reduces human life to an absurdity or a meaningless farce stands already self-condemned. The simple fact that we have reason or meaning in ourselves compels us to look for reason in the cosmos. No religious inquiry, and no Atheistic inquiry, can advance a single step without the preliminary faith that God or the cosmos will

nót put us to permanent intellectual confusion. If prejudice forbids us to locate intelligence in God, we are forced to locate it in the primal matter. The pervading irony of the universe turns Atheists into Pantheists. Being sane ourselves, we cannot believe in a universal Bedlam. The very fact that in the animal world we perceive a real suitability of the environment to the organism makes us look for a corresponding suitability between our own nature and its environment. The placid satisfaction of many of the lower animals makes us unable to believe that man was intended for eternal frustration and abiding dissatisfaction. Our discontent without religion is a powerful argument for its truth. The simple facts that we *want* to steal ideal fire from a far-off heaven suggests the existence of celestial *forces* in some slight degree akin to us. Prayer is in itself a strong argument for Theism ; it expresses two things, our dissatisfaction with the present and our belief in the possibility of a more harmonious and satisfying form of life.

Believing, as I do, that our moral and spiritual nature has a legitimate right to help in guiding us to Theism, I am naturally led on to believe further that it has also a right to help in deter-

mining the particular form of Theism which we are to select as the best and most invigorating. If faith is to be venturesome at all, it naturally expects to reap some rich reward if it is at all successful. Consequently Unitarianism does not appear to many of us at all a satisfactory religion. We do not agree with "Robert Elsmere" in thinking that Broad Churchmen ought to join the Unitarians, though Dr. Martineau concurred with Mrs. Humphry Ward's hero in thinking that Liberal Christian thinkers are bound to leave the Church of England.

No doubt, Unitarianism in some ways appeals to our intellects; but it greatly impoverishes our moral, spiritual, and emotional nature. Its philosophical affinities were with the systems of Locke and Priestley.* It is in some ways like French philosophy, whilst Trinitarianism is more like German philosophy. The former is far clearer and more precise and definite; but the latter, though vaguer and more obscure, has far richer and more vitalising spiritual contents. All really influential religion must be to some extent anthropomorphic; but Unitarian religion is an-

* Present Unitarianism is in many ways very different from its older forms. My friend, Mr. C. B. Upton, appreciates Mysticism quite as much as I do.

thropomorphic in a *sectarian* way. It is founded on a fragment of man's higher nature, and not on the whole of it. It often bases its teaching on reason only, to the exclusion of imagination and sympathy. It fancies that man's intellect is more akin to God than his heart is. To me this idea appears gravely misleading and false. I believe that our hearts are far nearer to God than our heads are. God visits our understandings only "as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night"; but He makes for Himself an abiding dwelling-place in our loftiest emotions. We are provincialists intellectually, but not morally and spiritually. Our minds speak in a poor patois, but our souls have already learnt something of the one language of the immortals. We always know "in part"; but we do not always love "in part." The Infinite is far more adequately revealed in our heroisms than in our syllogisms. Goodness speaks to us "as one having authority," whereas logic speaks to us only "as the scribes." The deliverances of our souls have an absoluteness and finality which are lacking in those of our intellects. Mysticism, which seems alien from the genius of Unitarianism, is to many of us an indispensable necessity. In it we deposit many ineradicable

and cherished beliefs which we cannot at present justify. There we deposit, as in some quiet place of safety, many noble ideals which as yet are "powerless to be born" into the world of established truths. There we hide away our Messiahs, whose hour of manifestation has not yet come. Unitarianism gives us a very clear and precise spiritual map, but a very inadequate one. Trinitarian religion, on the other hand, gives us a far fuller and more complete map, but one that is in some parts very puzzling and hazy.

In some ways Unitarianism is anachronistic and out of date. At its roots it is an unsocial religion; and it is to their social instincts that men now trace back all the fairest things in their nature, including conscience. We now regard Love as the Alpha and the Omega of the universe, and Unitarianism leaves Love without any adequate or intelligible source. It is very difficult to see how Love could ever emerge from the awful loneliness of the great First Cause as He existed throughout a bygone eternity. Love seems inevitably to imply some kind of plurality of being. Metaphysical Trinitarian conceptions are to us a kind of prickly and repellent husk in which the precious kernel of the love and Father-

liness of God have been stored away for a time. In reality the Trinitarian idea comes to many of us inductively, and not deductively. We argue from man to God. Indeed, if the Creator is to be conceived as an absolute and solitary unit, it is difficult to understand how He can have any moral attributes at all. We should then have to agree with Aristotle that His inner being consists of pure thought alone without any ethical tinge.

I believe that the fundamental error of ordinary Unitarianism is that it endeavours to approach God with one faculty, instead of approaching Him with all our distinctively human faculties. It puts upon the intellect a kind of work that it cannot perform. Hence the resultant conception of God is a partial and impoverished one. His mind gleams forth upon us, but not His heart. The starry heavens, if taken alone, are not an adequate revelation of the Creator. Unitarian religion is far too Judaic; it forgets that we are God's children as well as His subjects. Therefore it has been a very unattractive religion. It has moved men wonderfully little. Its admirable moral precepts, not having been steeped in the primal sympathy of a God conceived as

essentially Love, have failed to captivate men's hearts. It has been able to *direct* men to a great extent, but not to *strengthen* them by kindling enthusiasm. It has pointed out the road, but has not enabled men to tread it. It has shown men their duty, but it has not given them "*power* to become the sons of God." It has been no redeemer of sinners. No great band of publicans and outcasts has drawn nigh to hear its gracious words. It has been almost exclusively a religion for the respectable, a physician for the whole and not for the sick. To it Christ has never fulfilled the old promise to His elect teachers, "In my name shall they cast out devils." It has almost always lacked that sign of a divine mission. Nor has it ministered well to our social wants. It has treated men as solitary units, and has never realised the meaning of the fellowship of the saints and of the Pauline doctrine of the one body and the many members. In short, this form of religion has failed because it ignored vast tracts of human nature, because it tried to make the intellect do the work of the heart as well as its own proper work, because it shunned romance, because it turned poetry into prose, because it starved

imagination and stifled the more vivid forms of emotion.*

If these things be so, we cannot wonder that men hesitate to become Unitarians. We prefer twilight to the bleak and parching dryness of merely rationalistic enlightenment. We hover between modified orthodoxy and mysticism. We retain our old doctrines, and try to put more meaning into them. We recognise their merely provisional nature, even whilst we continue to learn from them. We do not mistake the " candle of the Lord " for the full blaze of our spiritual sun. We acknowledge that our present creeds are " things temporal " and not " things eternal." We know that they are but crutches and not angels' wings. If Unitarianism offered us pure and unadulterated truth, we might be compelled to receive and follow it. But we know that it does not. In this life *all* our knowledge is necessarily relative and inadequate. Finiteness vitiates our syllogisms just as much as our imaginative efforts. The Unitarian intellect is none the stronger for refusing the aid of our spiritual and emotional nature. The masculine

* Neither Theodore Parker, nor F. W. Newman, nor Miss Frances Power Cobbe, nor Mr. Stopford Brooke, can be regarded as at all *typically* Unitarian.

element in us needs the assistance of the feminine element. If Trinitarianism implied a belief that our present orthodox formulas are even approximately an adequate expression of the highest truths, no reflecting man could remain a Trinitarian for one day; neither could he remain a Unitarian. But we do not construe our formulas in that rigid and absurd way. We know well that they are but dim shadows of ineffable realities. These shadows may be and often are distorted and bewildering; but yet we believe that they to some extent represent everlasting verities. Interpreting our own highest nature as best we can, reading the handwriting of God in the recesses of our own noblest faculties, we find more reason to believe in a social than in a solitary God; we believe that there is something quasi-human from all eternity in God; and in that inexpugnable, though in some ways unintelligible, belief we find an unfailing source of moral and emotional power that we could never find in the "barren and dry land" of formal Unitarianism. We prefer vivid spiritual life to apparent intellectual consistency, and so we erect our altars to our unknown yet ever quickening divinity. In Him we live, move, and have our truest being,

even though we feel blank misgivings at times as in worlds not realised. We cling to our most vitalising though provisional ideas as to some plank from the wreck of Paradise, and journey on with strenuous hearts over the dark threatening waters of utter Agnosticism. The doctrine of the Eternal Spirit of God is no stumbling-block to us. It is the very nature of the Sun to send forth his rays of light. God needs no created being to remind Him of the eternal truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I have discussed the position of Liberal thinkers at such great length because I felt *bound* to do so. In some ways I had more respect for the judgment of Dr. Martineau than I had for that of any other man whom I have personally known. It was always a real grief to me to find myself in opposition to so great a religious teacher. We had many conversations on this subject, and we could never agree. Consequently I have felt *obliged* to explain why I ventured in this matter to differ so profoundly from one to whom I owe so vast an intellectual and spiritual debt.

I believe that we may, without much difficulty, find some reasons why my friend thought as he did regarding the ethics of religious conformity

and subscription to creeds, I mean some reasons more or less personal and peculiar. Martineau had never belonged to a great historical church, and had hardly felt the need of such an institution. His nature was intensely individualistic. The ethical element in him was very far stronger than the social. His religion was a lonely one. To a great extent he could live and work without much human sympathy. In his creed the imperious claims of God tended a little to restrict the claims of human affection. Duty, or the Categorical Imperative, had always the first claim on his thoughts. God strengthened His faithful servant so greatly that he scarcely needed much aid from his fellow-men. Moreover, the natural saintliness of my friend enabled him to live and thrive on a rather meagre gospel. *Sinners* need far more Evangelical teaching. Dr. Martineau had ministered almost exclusively to respectable people, and he did not adequately understand the grievous necessities of the lawless and the wandering, who cannot be satisfied with the comparatively weak redeeming efficacy of Unitarian religion. These need a God very nigh unto them, a God who comes to meet them when they are yet a great way off, whereas the

Unitarian God appears to stay at home and merely invite His powerless creatures to return to Him.

Besides all this, it is one thing to cling to a church in which we have been born and trained, and another thing to seek entrance into a church in which we have not been born. Broad Church thinkers might not select the Church of England, if they were seeking a new spiritual home; but, for many reasons they are naturally reluctant to abandon their old home consecrated by so many touching and pathetic memories. The prayers of the Church are dear to many perplexed souls, even though some of its doctrines may now seem questionable. To such souls it naturally seems a more faithful and loyal course to endeavour to reform their church than to forsake it in impatient disgust. Thus I think it is manifest that the motives which keep many doubters in their ancient home are not mean or unworthy ones. Since *all* religious organisations are more or less unacceptable and unsuitable to progressive intellects, these perplexed spirits may well be pardoned if they linger in those temples of God where they can *pray* best. The demands of their souls are more imperious than those of

their understandings. Sectarianism is hateful to intensely social natures. These seek profound human fellowship even at the expense of intellectual inconsistency. The true communion of the saints and of aspiring sinners is based on something far deeper than any merely intellectual agreement. It is based on a common and unmutilated humanity, which is as that river that "went out of Eden" when it was in its primal plenitude, before "it was parted and became into four heads." If man's intellect is parted into diverse heads, his heart refuses to be thus separated into fragments. We are not willing to purchase *apparent* intellectual consistency at the price of a *very real* mutilation and impoverishment of our emotional and moral life. Emerson declared that "the Eden of God is bare and grand." If it were so, we should be tempted to think that it is well for man that he has been driven out of it. Since we cannot in this life "be as Gods," since anything approaching to coherent and satisfying knowledge is denied to us, we naturally resolve that we will at least be genuinely human. Forgetting our speculative differences, we seek to live heart to heart with the noblest and profoundest feelings of our race.

Doctrinal distinctions often seem to us what worldly rank seemed to Burns. They are often as superficial as the "guinea stamp." Beneath that superficial mark our souls seek for the really significant and abiding humanity. Men's spiritual uniforms are often diaphanous; we see through them, and our eyes discern the man within the man. To judge of deep and passionate natures by their professed opinions sometimes seems as absurd as to judge of men by their clothes.

Dr. Martineau found much pleasure and satisfaction in the debates of the famous Metaphysical Society, which included in its ranks so many celebrated men. He keenly enjoyed his intellectual contests with Professor Huxley. But he found a much deeper satisfaction and joy in the escape from sectarianism which he found in this select yet miscellaneous gathering of vivid minds. The Catholic element in his nature fraternised eagerly with the same element in Dr. Ward and Father Dalgairns, who there represented the Roman theology. I am sure that it was a very real joy to my revered friend to find an echo of many of his own profoundest convictions in the minds of these two champions of an apparently hostile faith. James Martineau thus enjoyed a

kind of spiritual holiday. He was released from the galling fetters of an uncongenial sectarianism. He was no longer a citizen of a poor Unitarian village. He had visions of a truly universal church of God. He saw in nominally alien souls the very same foundations of that eternal city of God which he discerned in the depths of his own faithful spirit. Deep cried responsively to deep, and the vexing perturbations of superficial storms and strifes were almost forgotten. So great a spirit as that of Martineau could not be naturally sectarian. Formal Unitarianism was to him only as the restraining bottle to the genie in the old Arabian story. He was then only his veritable self when he was enabled to emerge from it. His profound sympathy with Dr. Ward and Father Dalgairns was in truth a kind of faint anticipation of that harmonious gathering of noble and elect souls behind the veil, wherein all sectarian voices shall be merged in the one language of the immortals, wherein the old dream of a Catholic church shall at length be realised, where God shall be all in all, and there shall be "one fold and one shepherd."

Dr. Martineau had very little sympathy with Mrs. Humphry Ward's story called "Robert

Elsmere." He did not much care for it when he read it, and he afterwards forgot a good deal of it. He thought "David Grieve" a far more interesting and powerful work, though his fastidious ethical sense made him dislike that part of the story which deals with student life in Paris. Though he did not agree with Mrs. Humphry Ward with regard to the importance of what are called miracles, he yet had a high opinion of some of her religious work. He told me that she is a genuine and thorough student of the origins of Christianity.

My friend said that he never could understand the views of that erratic thinker, the late James Hinton. He told me that, at the meetings of the Metaphysical Society, the papers read by Hinton were always received in total silence. Not one of the other members professed to fathom his meaning; so his communications elicited neither assent nor disapproval.

Martineau very greatly valued the writings of that learned German, Harnack, though the views of that laborious and acute student on historical and religious matters were not altogether in harmony with his own. He often urged me to study Harnack.

My teacher's political opinions were on the whole of the old Whig description. Born and bred a Nonconformist, he adhered to the party which had favoured religious liberty in bygone years. But he was no zealot for disestablishment. He would have preferred to widen the churches and make them truly national rather than to disestablish them. He was especially unwilling that the Scottish national church should be interfered with. He had no great faith in democracy. Like the late W. R. Greg, he in many ways dreaded the effects of a half-educated republic. He feared that it would not sufficiently respect the rights of minorities. This fear was perhaps increased by the fact that he belonged to a very small religious denomination, which had only obtained adequate toleration and freedom in recent years. He also thought that a British democracy would very likely fail to appreciate intellect, that it would tend to promote a kind of regnancy of the commonplace. Like Mr. Herbert Spencer, he also dreaded the effects of Socialism.* He thought that the interference of the state was

* Martineau once told me that he thought that Mrs. Humphry Ward was rather too much inclined to Socialism.

likely to impair individual energy and to weaken the sense of responsibility.

Martineau looked forward on the whole with confidence to the future development of religion. He thought that it is essential to the well-being of ethics ; he held that ethics must either perfect itself in religion or disintegrate itself into Hedonism or the pursuit of pleasurable sensations. He had no faith in any ideal substitutes for a personal God. Hence he did not care for Emerson's teaching, though he was much attracted by his gracious and winning personality. He disliked the intellectual waywardness of the sage of Concord. He thought that he approached far too near to Pantheism. He considered him too flighty and lacking in moral gravity or seriousness. He also found his contempt for careful reasoning rather aggravating. I believe that he considered that Emerson, like Renan, was rather too apt to *play* with the most important and vital problems.

In his later years Martineau came more and more to look on the doctrine of the distinct personality of God as the one thing needful in religion. He was ready to forgive much to those who held firmly to that cardinal truth. He

began to see a real meaning and value in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. He began to be of opinion that in some respects Liberal orthodoxy is a more satisfactory creed than Unitarianism, even though he still continued to blame Broad Churchmen for remaining in the Church of England. In this matter it appears to me that my friend was not quite consistent. Why should we be called upon to abandon Liberal orthodoxy, if its moral and spiritual efficacy is superior to that of Unitarianism?

In a letter written in the year 1892, and published in the "Life and Letters of James Martineau," my friend wrote thus of the Congregationalists in England and the Presbyterians in Scotland: "Their escape from the old orthodox scheme is by a better path than ours. With us insistence on the simple humanity of Christ has come to mean the *limitation of all divineness* to the Father, leaving man a mere item of creaturely existence under laws of natural necessity. With them the transfer of emphasis from the Atonement to the Incarnation means the retention of a divine essence in Christ, as the head and type of humanity in its realised Idea; so that man and life are lifted into kin-

ship with God, instead of *what had been God* being reduced to the scale of mere Nature. The union of the two natures in Christ resolves itself into their union in man, and links heaven and earth in relations of a common spirituality. It is easy to see how the divineness of existence, instead of being driven off into the heights beyond life, is thus brought down into the deeps within it, and diffuses there a multitude of sanctities that would else have been secularised. Hence the feeling of reverence, the habits of piety, the aspirations of faith, the hopes of immortality, the devoutness of duty, which have so much lost their hold on our people, remain *real powers* among the liberalised orthodox, and enable them to carry their appeal home to the hearts of men in a way the secret of which has escaped from us. I hardly think we shall recover it now."

Notwithstanding this frank confession, Dr. Martineau remained staunch in his adherence to Unitarian doctrines. Though starved to a great extent, his intellect compelled him to remain at his old post. There is something intensely pathetic in this intellectual fidelity. We seem to overhear the sorrowful sighing of a spirit still

cleaving resolutely to the skirts of a vanishing or receding God, and in his desolation crying mournfully, like one of old, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." The great Unitarian might well claim fellowship with heroic Job when he declared, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The resolute soul of Stoical old Cato might have smiled approvingly on my friend. "*Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*" But in reality God was with His faithful servant even in the days of his forlorn starvation. His deferred salvation was in some ways a far greater and nobler thing than any immediate salvation. God tried him and found him worthy of Himself. Even in that day of sadness a divine voice doubtless whispered into his ears the old message of encouragement and unfailing love, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."

James Martineau very much disliked the word

Unitarian when used to designate a religious denomination. He thought that it was too entirely metaphysical, and that it gave no real idea of the inner contents of a religion. Yet he held firmly to most of the Unitarian doctrines. I never discovered in him the very least tendency to accept Trinitarian theology. He loved what he reckoned to be truth more than he loved edification. He told me once that he had a very low opinion of the controversial writings of Dr. Gore (the present Bishop of Worcester) concerning the Deity of Christ. He said that he thought them "poor stuff." And yet he must have known that his friend R. H. Hutton had a very high opinion of these same writings. Probably the veteran Unitarian was insensibly a good deal prejudiced on the subject. I once asked him if he did not think that there *must* have been some kind of appearances or manifestations of Jesus to His followers after His death, as one could not otherwise account for their sudden transition from the depths of depression and despair to the heights of exultant joy. My friend replied that he did not at all believe in any such appearances. He thought that no such abrupt transition ever occurred; he thought

that it had only been *imagined* by Christians in later years.

Thus James Martineau followed his intellect to the very end, even though it kept him back from that light and warmth and nourishment which he discerned from afar in the more fertile regions of liberalised orthodoxy. Perhaps he was too old to change. Like Moses, he had led many out of their old house of bondage, out of the prison-houses of Materialism and Atheism; but it was not given to him to enter the "promised land" of harmonised convictions and satisfying truth. But he was a true prophet of the Eternal, a valiant and noble leader of our pilgrim race. And so, I doubt not that to him, as to worn and sorrowing Moses, the Infinite Pity vouchsafed some genuine consolation, and wiped away some tears at least from those pathetic and wistful eyes. I doubt not that, like the great Israelite, he also ascended to "the top of Pisgah," and there surveyed from afar the serene glories of God's "promised land." *His* Pisgah was the mountain land of a noble and purified mysticism, in which, as in a vision, God showed him things to come. The "iron had entered into his soul" in bygone years. He still bore in his spirit

many depressing influences of his old Necessitarian creed. The eagle's wings were clipped, but the eagle's soul was comparatively free. From afar God showed His servant things that shall be hereafter. His gladdened eyes discerned "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." He perceived the fact that the finest moral Idealism is no vain dream or deceptive mirage, but a true prophecy coming forth as a blessed and healing missionary from the central depths of the universe, a veritable harbinger of that glorious reign of an immediately present God, concerning which an ancient seer has given us this soul-gladdening account: "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; and I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

I doubt not that this great prophet soul saw from afar, on his lonely Pisgah height, the vanishing of all our present churches and formal creeds and the advent of a truer and more comprehensive religion. And with this consoling vision that patient spirit, that lowly and self-abnegating

heart, was well content. He could now chant his "Nunc Dimittis"; for his eyes had seen God's coming full salvation. Addressing us, his admiring and devoted followers, he could cry in the very spirit of the baffled Hebrew warrior: "But I must die in this land, I must not go over Jordan; but ye shall go over and possess that good land." Thus, in the bleak land of chilling and semi-Deistic Unitarianism, died one of the noblest spiritual leaders of our bewildered age. "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and by his stripes we are healed." He sowed in tears what we may reap in joy. His sad experience has plainly disclosed to us the unsatisfying nature of Deism and ordinary Unitarianism. We look henceforth for a larger and deeper religion in which the best teaching of Unitarianism and of Trinitarianism shall be reconciled, for a religion which shall cast out no great thoughts as heretics, but shall interpret, conciliate, and harmonise them all.

At least one great English poet would have admired and sympathised with Martineau's heroic fidelity to reason. Coleridge declared that he who begins by loving Christianity better than

truth is likely to go on to love his own sect better than Christianity, and to end in loving himself better than either.

When the attractive vision of fuller and more satisfying religious truth dawned on the soul of James Martineau, he was already too old to alter the framework of his intellectual system. To some extent the fetters of his old Deism troubled him even to the end. Mechanical conceptions marred his philosophy. In order to be adequately free, he needed to be transplanted into another world. Death was to him a kind of sacrament of Infinity, an emancipating new birth into a grander world of thought. There, in God's larger world, that elect spirit could indeed come to itself and realise its own most glorious potentialities. There patient fidelity to reason might find at length its exceeding great reward. There at last his ears might hear those gladdening words of real spiritual enfranchisement and deliverance from oppressive finiteness, "Loose him, and let him go." Then he would indeed expand into his true spiritual stature, and shake off the old grave-clothes of inveterate misconceptions. Then he would indeed be admitted into the glorious liberty of the best sons of God, and feel

in the inmost fibres of his noble nature that he had found his own veritable ideal, feel

> "As if he were at length himself,
> And ne'er had been before."

And so to us his devoted followers it is some consolation to believe that our beloved teacher understands us more adequately now behind the veil than he ever did on earth. He now probably knows more fully the deplorable weakness of ordinary human nature. He knows how much of our sinfulness is really almost involuntary. He comprehends more completely the great mystery of iniquity in man's troubled and travailing heart. He can now better interpret the groans of those oppressed by the burden of inherited evil. He has perhaps learnt in heaven the meaning of sin, as others have there to learn the meaning of holiness. Perhaps in that land of knowledge he has taken counsel with souls like that of Robert Browning. The profound inherent pathos of human life is now, we hope, appreciated by this born saint as it never was before. He knows that the creation has been made subject to vanity "not willingly." Greater insight has brought to him fuller sympathy with struggling and baffled wanderers. We venture

to think that he now " bears our griefs and carries our sorrows," more fully than he ever did in this world. We believe that in heart he is now " numbered with the transgressors " in a way that he could not be on earth. We believe that the inner significance of vicarious suffering has been revealed to him at last. We believe that the great Unitarian has gazed with opened eyes on the fathomless heart of Jesus ; that the sacred Christ of a measureless compassion has been formed in him ; that he would now gladly exchange the white robes of an intensely individualistic and fastidious sanctity for the " garments rolled in blood " of those great Pauline warriors who love their converts better than they love their own salvation. And so we expect from our transfigured leader *fuller* sympathy than he ever gave us in the days of his fleshly finiteness, and we cry to him with yearning confidence,

> " O white soul from that far-off shore,
> Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
> Our hopes confirm, our fears dispel,
> With the dear voice we loved so well."

# THE RELIGION OF JAMES MARTINEAU

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In character as well as in intellect Dr. Martineau was in most respects admirably fitted to be a great religious teacher and guide. His sanctity, his absolute sincerity, his gentleness, his charming courtesy and unsectarian friendliness, and his intense refinement and elevation of soul were manifest to all who really knew him. Probably no man of genius was ever more profoundly modest and free from all traces of self-assertion. His deep holiness had conspired with his delicacy and simplicity of nature to eradicate all germs of arrogance. The best and rarest form of Catholic self-suppression and disinterestedness was in him subtly blended with complete mental fearlessness. The heart of a Thomas à Kempis was joined with the head of one of the boldest of intellectual pioneers. In some ways he resembled the illus-

trious Spinoza. Vulgarity, in all its varied forms, was almost as alien from his character as licentiousness. He always shuddered at self-advertising charlatans. Though he never sounded the depths of human passion, he was endowed with a large share of human tenderness; and this, combined with a rare fineness of spirit and an almost Greek sense of nobleness and beauty, made him shrink with abhorrence from the unimaginative hardness of the religion of Whately and the grovelling coarseness and selfishness of the moral philosophy of Paley.

My friend's guilelessness and detestation of all forms of craftiness were very marked. I once said to him that it is sometimes necessary to manage our fellow-creatures by a kind of harmless guile, after the fashion of St. Paul thus dealing with his converts. And I shall never forget the way in which he said to me, "I do not like guile of *any* sort."

In his conversation no man was ever more entirely candid. He had a very firm faith in a future life; yet, when I once asked him whether he was not occasionally troubled by passing spasms of doubt on that great subject, he replied plainly, "I cannot say that I am entirely free

from them; but they are only transient." He had evidently no wish for confirmation of the soul's faith in immortality by means of the signs and wonders of modern spiritualism. He distrusted all such signs and wonders, and seemed to think that they would interfere with the proper functions of our rational and spiritual nature in evincing its own imperishable vitality.

Dr. Martineau's serene optimism combined with his very modest estimate of his own claims on his Creator to make him shrink from *demanding* a future life as his right, though he confidently expected it as a free gift from God. I once told him that, if this life were our all, I could not thank God for my creation. Much to my surprise, he said that, even if there were no future existence, he should yet, on the whole, be grateful for his life on earth. Of all deep thinkers whom I have ever known he was the most free from the depressing modern malady of pessimism, a malady which may perhaps to some extent be ascribed to our exaggerated sense of our own merits, though it certainly springs also from other and far nobler sources.

As a "Ductor Dubitantium" in our perplexed age, this profound thinker was in some respects almost unequalled. To me he has always seemed the greatest of all English defenders of rational Theism. His knowledge was large and varied; his penetration was extraordinary; and his dialectical skill has hardly ever been surpassed. He had a marvellous power of getting at the very roots of difficult questions, and of putting them in their true light. His writings are entirely free from that irritating obscurity which so marred the works of Maurice. His "Study of Religion," his "Types of Ethical Theory," and his "Seat of Authority in Religion" are, in my judgment, our most effective modern defence against the manifold assaults of Atheism.

But perhaps this philosopher was at his very best when engaged in controverting the Materialism of Tyndall. Materialism in its varying forms is the true Apollyon of our days, and its most formidable foe was James Martineau. Professor Tyndall said to a friend of mine that he considered Martineau's reply the only real one that was ever given in our country to the teaching of his famous Belfast address. Viewed only as a feat of dialectical skill, the pamphlet called

" Religion as affected by Modern Materialism " is a delightful masterpiece.

Two passages may be given as summing up our veteran philosopher's views on this subject. In an essay called " Modern Materialism ; its Attitude towards Theology " he wrote thus : " Till we accept the *faiths* which our faculties postulate, we can never *know* even the sensible world ; and when we accept them, we shall know much more." In taking away the grounds of Theism, Materialistic philosophy takes away also the basis of science. In " Religion as affected by Modern Materialism " Martineau wrote as follows : " If indeed you could ever show that the method of the universe is one along which *no Mind could move*, that it is absolutely incoherent and unideal, you would destroy the possibility of religion as a doctrine of causality ; only, however, by simultaneously discovering the impossibility of science, which wholly consists in organising the phenomena of the world into an intellectual scheme reflecting the structure of its archetype. That those who labour to render the universe *intelligible* should call in question its *relation to intelligence*, is one of those curious inconsistencies to which the ablest specialists are often the most liable, when medi-

tating in foreign fields. If it takes *mind* to construe the world, how can the negation of mind suffice to constitute it ? "

The two chief roots of Martineau's Theism are causality and conscience. His treatment of conscience is, for the most part, profoundly wise and suggestive. He vindicates its unique functions with admirable force and clearness. In his system it plays as prominent a part as in that of Cardinal Newman. But there is an important difference between the way in which our moral faculty manifested itself to the Cardinal and that in which it appeared to the great Unitarian. To Newman the functions of conscience were chiefly minatory ; to Martineau they were chiefly admonitory and instructive. The former thinker deliberately preferred some of the cruder and more barbaric utterances of conscience as the truest and most authoritative, whilst the latter very much preferred its mellower and more rationalised deliverances. To the one conscience was as a goad or a scourge ; to the other it was as the " still, small voice " of serenest wisdom. To the great Catholic, in his darker hours, the realms of conscience sometimes appeared almost as a chamber of horrors, or at least as the prophet's

roll in which were written "lamentations, and mourning and woe," whereas to the Theist these same realms were a kind of "Interpreter's House" in man's long pilgrimage from the animal to the spiritual. To the one conscience was like savage Saul "breathing out threatenings and slaughter"; to the other it was more like sympathising Paul, first listening eagerly to the unspeakable words of divinest revelation, and then cheering the hearts of despondent followers with the triumphant declaration, "We can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us."

In their respective attitudes towards conscience the soul of Martineau gives us the more inspiring and invigorating spectacle, but the soul of Newman gives us the more pathetic. Tragedy is more deeply impressive in many ways than serene success. In the case of the Unitarian moralist the supply of spiritual power seems to have been tolerably adequate to the demand in most ways; but it was not so with the Catholic saint; in his case the supply of power was always lamentably deficient; there was in this life a great gulf fixed between his ideal and his actual. And so he once said, in a letter to the late Dean Plumptre, that a *necessary* element of the heaven for which he

longed was the entire cessation of wearying moral effort and strife. The iron had entered into the inmost soul of that sad pilgrim of eternity. To the end of his days he was like a captive and baffled eagle.

In some ways James Martineau appears even greater in his "Endeavours after the Christian Life" and in his "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things" than in his more formal and controversial works. In these more devotional utterances he escaped to a great extent from that aboriginal Deism which more or less influenced his speculations to the end of his life. In them the Infinite had more room to expand itself. His soaring imagination and his sense of beauty also found more scope for their exercise. He says plainly that "there is no prose religion." Mysticism is an essential ingredient of all the highest devotional thought, a veritable Jacob's ladder connecting earth with heaven. In discourses such as "The Finite and the Infinite in Man," "Great Hopes for Great Souls," "Life to the Children of the Prophets," "The Communion of Saints," "The Sphere of Silence," and in many others Dr. Martineau seems to lead us into a stately cathedral, a house not made with hands, in which

the celestial music of some noble and unearthly organ thrills our inmost spirits, during the mystic silence of night, with divine soul-cheering messages from our long-lost home. We are pierced with a penetrating sense of the profound glory of true religion. Almost all our noblest faculties are touched to fine issues. The Infinite itself speaks to us. Our humiliating feeling of provincialism is taken away, and we taste the very life eternal. Our citizenship is already in the heavens. We gaze with awe-struck eyes on the secret mysteries of the universe. Our whole being is enlarged and vivified. Our depressing sense of our own meanness and littleness passes away, and we realise the true import of that old saying of Jesus, "The kingdom of God is within us." God is no longer far off. Man's nature is now in very deed "a city not forsaken," a vestibule of an everlasting kingdom that cannot be shaken. We have seen a vision too transcendently fair to be false or misleading, too sublime to be a product or a revelation of mere flesh and blood.

No English teacher has written so beautifully as James Martineau concerning the meaning and functions of sorrow. He has almost elevated it from a curse to a sacrament. In a discourse on

"The Discipline of Darkness" he writes thus: "Unless all *character* is to perish, the contingencies must stay. . . . The inspiration that descends on us from the past, and makes us heirs of accumulated thought and enriched affections, from whom chiefly does it come? Is it from the uniformly happy and the untempted good? from those who have most realised the lot for which our sentient and intellectual instincts cry aloud? No; but from the central figures of the great tragedies of our humanity; from the conquerors of desolating monsters; from the creators of law and tamers of the people; from love beyond death, that carried its plaintive music to the shades; from the avengers of wrong; from the martyrs of right; from the missionaries of mercy; from the pass of Thermopylæ; from the Sublician bridge; from the fires of Smithfield; from the waters of Solway; from the cross of Calvary. A world without a contingency or an agony could have no hero and no saint, and could enable no Son of man to discover that he was a son of God. . . . Whatever touches and ennobles us in the lives and in the voices of the past is a divine birth from human doubt and pain."

Out of this noble master's three volumes of

sermons one might compile a splendid manual of devout thought, lit up by piercing moral insight, and pervaded by the very finest spiritual judgment, a manual which might well be to our age what the Pensées of Pascal have been to former ages. Scarcely can we find elsewhere in English literature such a rare combination of delicacy of perception, purity of nature, strength of intellect, and beauty of expression. Hardly any thinker since the days of Plato has linked such profound and subtle thoughts with such glorious language. The "old war" between poetry and philosophy, having partially ceased in a few other writers, entirely ceased in James Martineau. Imagination in him welcomed the dry bones of science and made them minister freely to its wants, made them live and stand erect in their places as a kind of advanced guard of a coming heavenly kingdom. Common sense found its very soul in Idealism. Force of mind and beauty of mind learnt that they are brethren. Intellect was no longer divorced from devoutness; both found a congenial resting-place in the vast regions of awe and wonder. Man was greater than he knew. His own faculties, touched by the master hands of genius, began to disclose to him a religion grander far than that

of any church or any formal creed, a temple to be compacted of all that is freest and most glorious in the universe, a spacious realm of abiding peace, where reason shall no longer "envy" instinct, and instinct shall no longer "vex" reason, where onward-looking wisdom shall displace all rigid ecclesiastical dogmas, where a broad psychology shall begin to take the place of a narrow priestcraft, where the Infinite shall be its own interpreter, and the inquiring spirit may henceforth slake its sacred thirst at the fresh unwasting springs of God's unceasing and progressive revelations of Himself.

Though hardly any other modern teacher has helped me so much as Dr. Martineau has done in the multitudinous difficulties of my intellectual and religious life, I was nevertheless always conscious of differing from some of his views in many important ways. In my personal intercourse with him I always felt that I belonged by temperament to a world very different from his, and that it was very good of him to tolerate a disciple and a friend who was neither a saint nor a metaphysician. In his serene and saintly presence I always felt rather like the man in the Bible who "had not on a wedding garment." It was a

relief to my mind to know that he did not believe in any hopeless hell, as, if he had believed in it, his ethical austerity might almost have compelled him to send some of his friends to that region of woe for a time.

Nor did he ever satisfy some of my most urgent wants. My teacher was too far above ordinary men, an angel of contemplation rather than an angel of the agony to man. He never adequately understood struggling, heavy-laden, and baffled souls. His knowledge of ordinary human nature and of some very extraordinary phases of that same nature was neither very varied nor very deep. He was not capable of really understanding an Augustine, a Luther, a Shelley, or a Burns. Nor could he adequately understand those leading a merely instinctive life, such as soldiers, sailors, and labourers. The "Word of God" dwelt in this great seer richly; but it was never quite effectually "made flesh." Men admired its celestial beauty and splendour; but they felt sorrowfully that it was not adequately "nigh unto them." We besought this heavenly visitant to pray *for us*, but we scarcely dared to ask him to pray *with us*.

This philosopher had lived almost exclusively

amongst intensely respectable and well-educated people; and he was far too apt to take the characters of these as types of humanity in general, and to construct an ethical and religious code to suit *their* wants alone. Professor Caldecott writes thus of Martineau's view of man: "Yet Martineau's view of the individual is not that man is a lonely being who wakes all his own echoes; society is the means of discovering us to ourselves; but the inherent essence after all is a self-judgment made by every man as a type of human nature; we are all members of a kind; my fellow is myself over again; and he thinks that, by taking this view, our experiences enable us to sweep into the widest generality, yet without asking a question of our fellow-men, the revelation of authority to one mind being valid for all."

Now, regarding this teaching one might observe that, though the fundamental unity of man's nature is a very important truth, yet the diversity of that same nature is an almost equally important matter for consideration. It is often rather misleading for a man to take himself as an adequate type of men in general. No amount of self-knowledge would have enabled Martin Tupper to fathom the nature, the wants, the capacities,

and the responsibilities of beings such as Byron, Emily Brontë, or Walt Whitman. But in truth it was characteristic of the old ordinary Deism to be ignorant of the heights and the depths of man's nature. A semi-mechanical conception of man was joined appropriately enough to a similar conception of God. That most disturbing factor, the Infinite, was quite banished from the idea of man, and almost banished from the idea of God. The unusual in man was almost as hateful as the miraculous in God. The orderly mechanicalness of the Deistic God was a kind of magnified reflection of the commonplace *bourgeois* mediocrity of the Deistic saint. And though Martineau's higher moods of mind were utterly alien from this unaspiring form of religion, yet in his more formal writings, when dealing with religion in a non-devotional way, he sometimes almost relapsed into it in some directions.

My teacher's delicate and almost fastidious sanctity also prevented him from discerning the real kinship or affinity which there often is between good and evil, though Aristotle's doctrine of virtue as a mean between extremes might well have suggested it. Like Tennyson, Martineau believed in the ultimate complete victory of

holiness; but he scarcely even dimly descried its coming. He saw, as he indicates to us, the soul of goodness in things intellectually evil, but not in things morally evil. To poet and philosopher alike "the Word of the Lord was precious"; the hopeful vaticinations of reason were highly valuable; but "there was no open vision" in the realms of moral regeneration. Neither poet nor philosopher saw much of the processes by which sinfulness is day by day being transformed into nobleness. Wise physicians or psychologists often almost saw what theologians and saints only "faintly trust." Oliver Wendell Holmes and Robert Browning saw already in the hearts of many outcasts a glorious city of God which righteous men like Tennyson and Martineau vainly longed to see.

Moreover, there was an element of Stoicism in my teacher's character with which I could not sympathise. To him *sin* always appeared to be the greatest tragedy of human life, whereas I am far more painfully impressed and perplexed by the hideous amount of human *suffering* and of apparently useless or injurious suffering. This rather defective sympathy with suffering tended to lessen Martineau's influence amongst a large

portion of mankind, amongst such as cry aloud for a high priest who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities." Stoicism combined with ethical austerity to diminish my friend's attractiveness to those who often most needed his services. Thus on page 295 of the first volume of his "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things" he speaks of it as being desirable to "bind the wounds without indulgence to the sins of men." To me this teaching is neither very attractive nor very wise. When the good Samaritan was binding up the wounds of the forlorn traveller, he probably forgot all about the poor man's sins, or perhaps he even forgave them. A nurse should not be a preacher. And even austere preachers might well remember the wisdom of Jesus, who thought that the "Neither do I condemn thee" of unrestrained and undiluted human sympathy is the indispensable prelude to the salutary moral warning, "Go and sin no more."

In James Martineau the ethical nature was rather too predominant. His conscience often encroached upon his sympathies; it grasped at everything that came near it. Just as Spinoza was called a God-intoxicated man, so we might, with perhaps greater truth, call this Christian

philosopher a conscience-intoxicated man. His zeal for morality sometimes led him to give a rather untrue account of the way in which conscience works. He represented its utterances as more uniform and more categorically explicit than they really are. He sometimes spoke as if our moral faculty was more akin to an automatically working sense than to a special function of reason directed upon action. He almost ignored its hesitations and its many variations. He declared that "when the same occasion calls up simultaneously two or more springs of action, immediately, in their juxtaposition, we intuitively discern the higher quality of one than another, giving it a divine and authoritative right of preference; but, when the whole series of springs of action has been experienced, the feeling or 'knowledge with ourselves' of their relative rank constitutes the individual conscience; all human beings, when their conscience is faithfully interpreted, as infallibly arrive at the same series of moral estimates as at the same set of rational truths; it is therefore no less correct to speak of a universal conscience than of a universal reason in mankind." (*See* the "Life and Letters of James Martineau," vol. ii. page 302.)

This teaching appears to me partly untrue. We are sometimes in real doubt as to which motive ought to prevail on a certain critical occasion; and our difficulty is finally solved by a careful consideration of circumstances or consequences, and not merely by intuition. Besides this, the element of taste, with all its endless sources of variation, enters into the region of ethics, whilst it is wholly excluded from mathematics. It is far easier to question the doctrines of morals than those of pure science.

I think also that Dr. Martineau's ethics were rather too abstract and non-human. He assigned to the Categorical Imperative a dynamic force which it very often has not. To a large portion of our race *mere* duty frequently seems more repulsive than attractive. It has "neither form nor comeliness," and it needs the sense of beauty or the enthusiasm of humanity to give it power to sway men's hearts. Our duties sometimes appear more or less nauseous, and must be taken infused in our sympathies or our affections, if they are to operate adequately. Many have willingly died for their country or their friends, who would never have given their lives for any mere code of moral laws.

Moreover, the very clearest discernment of moral obligation is often powerless to strengthen weak wills. Of what use are the very plainest ethical laws, if the same old law-breaker is to keep them ? Moral laws cannot by themselves give life to those half-dead in trespasses and sins. Very often they tend to exasperate rather than to persuade or regenerate rebellious sinners. Conscience may erect sign-posts for us on the road to moral excellence ; but it cannot create new energy, and very often it cannot even evoke energy that is already latent.

This stern Theist's intense ethical zeal sometimes caused him to exaggerate the true doctrine of Free Will. He assumed that the constitutions of other men were as good and as free from undesirable and abnormal elements as his own was. He knew not that the vast majority of mankind is "sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us." He vindicated most powerfully the truth of Free Will as regards normal and well-balanced specimens of humanity ; but he forgot the forlorn multitude of the morally impotent, maimed, and blind, who never really have any true probation in this world. The full influence of heredity was never quite adequately

recognised in his writings. To the very last, the full significance of Evolution was never quite perceived by him. He ignored the fact that, in the moral as in the physical world, the many must be sacrificed for the sake of the more perfect development of the few. He knew not how pitiable is the plight of *unwilling* sinners. He argued as if the whole human race were elect now in this world. In a sermon called "The Soul's Forecast of Retribution" he actually declared that "there is indeed no attribute of goodness placed beyond the reach, or contributed without the action, of any human will." To me the first part of this sentence appears untrue to the facts of life. Most men are more or less shipwrecked in their long voyage to holiness; and, if they escape safe to land at all, they finally arrive in harbour in a very damaged condition, not in the stately vessel of a coherent and symmetrical moral excellence, but on "the boards and broken pieces of the ship," clinging sorrowfully to battered and incoherent fragments of nobleness and beauty, the sorely bruised "disjecta membra" of a long-lost ideal character.

I think also that this strong athlete of the moral world scarcely knew how weary most men

grow of the ceaseless moral tension required by his severe system. He could not sympathise much with that feeling which makes some of us inclined to thank God that we are not always doing either right or wrong. We shrink from being perpetually under the eyes of our very exacting task-master.

Perhaps also this austere religion tended a little too much towards scrupulosity and legalism. Perhaps it made the schoolmaster more prominent than the father of our souls, and developed the spirit of bondage rather than the spirit of confiding sonship. So fine a soul as that of Martineau could not fail occasionally to perceive this depressing tendency. And so in his admirable discourse called "Life to the Children of the Prophets" this religious master wrote thus: "Conscience also has its narrowness, its scrupulous microscopic gaze, that looks for the animalcules of obligation till it grows blind to the stars of faith, and the free heaven swims dizzily before it. The anxieties of the merely dutiful mind show that there is yet a barrier leaving it outside the union with God. Those cautious steps betray the deterring fear, and are unlike the free movements of a confiding love." He goes on to speak

of those " whose very faith is therefore a worship of prohibition, a conservatism of limits, an apprehension of the escape of some fugitive desires, and can never fling itself in pure enthusiasm and with a fearless trust upon a large career, where no rule can guide it, but only love impel."

Still, ethical scrupulosity did sometimes combine with his original Deism to make the religion of this deep thinker rather less attractive than it might otherwise have been. At times his religion approached perilously near to legalism. His intense zeal for the moral law made him often forget how antinomian man's heart naturally is, how it clings to persons and is often vexed and irritated by mere laws. In " The Seat of Authority in Religion " nothing is much less satisfactory than the author's mode of dealing with the personality and teaching of St. Paul. He never quite understood the full meaning of that great saying, " Love is the fulfilling of the law." In his case the doctrine of strict personal responsibility often seemed to keep a jealous watch over the lawless inroads of unrestrained sympathy. His moral severity and his Deism might have made him almost agree with the legalism of the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son,

if they had not been checked and put to shame by the natural nobleness and delicacy of his character. These fine qualities, joined to a powerful imagination, were needed to prevent him from sympathising with the hard Pharisaism which pervaded Mr. Cotter Morison's teaching in his "Service of Man." He never fully appreciated the immense regenerating and uplifting power of pity and love for the unworthy. In him a kind of moral fastidiousness to a great extent checked the outpouring of affection over sinners. Justice tended to get in the way of generosity. The filthy rags of gross transgressors hid from Martineau's half-averted eyes their immense latent potentialities of loyalty and devotion. I sometimes almost fear that Christ's treatment of the woman taken in adultery and his promise of paradise *at once* to the penitent thief may have slightly jarred on the stainless purity and the exacting moral sense of this exalted teacher. Pauline teaching must often have puzzled him, with its depreciation of law and its doctrines as to the almost undiscriminating love of God and the marvellous spiritual functions of Christ. Paul spoke to astonished and entranced hearers of that great love with which God loved them when they

were entirely unworthy, when they were " dead in trespasses and sins " ; and he declared that, what the normal working of natural conscience could never effect in the numbed hearts of habitual transgressors, could yet be easily achieved by the glowing enthusiasm of an admiring devotion to Christ. A strict ethical philosopher might perhaps not unnaturally suppose that Paul put a kind of disparaging slight on conscience and on law when he declared so positively that " Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

In truth it is evident enough that the spirit of my revered teacher was even to the end of his life much injured and fettered by that uninspiring old Deism out of which he had to a great extent fled. He never entirely shook off its withering influence. In some measure it tainted his conception of the Infinite with a good many of the hampering limitations of the finite. He thought that God has to a considerable extent abdicated His original omnipotence, that, though He was once all-powerful, He no longer is ; that, having once committed Himself to certain lines of action, He cannot afterwards change or even adequately control them. Thus the laws of the Creator are in some ways a hindrance to His free activity.

In certain spheres He has irretrievably bound Himself, whilst reserving to Himself a vast region in which His unpledged spontaneities may operate. In the physical world He is fettered, whilst in the moral and spiritual world He is comparatively free. Even there He is not *entirely* free, since the moral laws in their relentless working cannot be much mitigated. God cannot greatly deliver His penitent children from their rather unsparing vengeance.

This view seems to me Deistic rather than Christian. Even in the physical world it seems better to hold that things are governed by God's living volitions, and not by His spent ones ; that the steadfast working of natural law is the result of His ever-present choice and ever-vigilant selecting activity, rather than a kind of mechanical product of bygone determinations, a kind of deposit of inertness or fixity left by the receding tide of divine energy. We do not like to think that God has less to do than in earlier times, that the sphere of His volitional energy is lessened in its area. Martineau did not really hold the Deistic view on this subject ; but, by representing God as rigidly bound by His initial decisions, he sometimes came rather near to it. The physical universe becomes less interesting to us when we

view it as embodying chiefly the Creator's *past* thoughts, especially if we are called upon to believe that these past thoughts have the power to bar out or repress new ideas. According to such a theory, the uniformity and regularity of the Cosmos would be secured to a great extent by sacrificing much of the freshness and originality that might otherwise have been possible. God's history would then in some measure be one of arrested or petrified development. God would rest or relax His energies in changeless custom, and go forth afterwards in search of fresh fields to conquer and to mould, handing over the regions of His former activity to the guardianship of fixed rules which He cannot even modify. Thus it might seem as if God were somewhat impoverished, as if a large portion of His vivid spontaneity had been spent or exhausted. And so the external world would necessarily lose some of its interest for us, since it would represent the Creator's frozen or stereotyped ideas, and not His living and growing ones. God's vesture would then speak to us of His inner nature in a remote past; but it would lose much of its significance as an expression of His present thoughts and feelings. It might even serve to

repress or veil much that is richest and most glorious in that inner nature as it now exists.

When we turn from external Nature to man, the insufficiency of Martineau's lingering Deism becomes far more apparent. Here we cannot be satisfied with a partially inert God. Our pressing necessities are too great. We need a God who can save *to the uttermost* those who come to Him. But alas! my teacher's lingering Deism to a great extent impoverished his idea of God in His relation to His children. He represented our Creator's *wish* to help us as being far greater than his *power* to do so. God had parted with much of His power in the earlier stages of creation, before His self-conscious children came into existence. Nature, we might almost say, had come before us, as a jealous elder brother, and destroyed a part of that rich blessing which might otherwise have been ours. And so our Eternal Father is obliged to give us what He *can*, and not what the promptings of His heart would make Him *wish* to give us. Thus, on Martineau's theory, for Nature's sake God has put limits to His original generosity. We might, if reverence permitted, almost say that the Creator has acted thoughtlessly or precipitately, according to this

theory; that He has not sufficiently kept in view the final stage of development; that He has sacrificed a magnificent future for the sake of a comparatively commonplace present; that He has not kept in mind the fundamental motto of Evolution, "The elder shall serve the younger."

Dr. Martineau's teaching as to God's forgiveness of sins seems to me far too Deistic in some ways; and its depressing unhopefulness was increased by the unsparing demands of his very exacting conscience. He sometimes appears to have thought that God could not, and perhaps ought not, to be profusely generous to returning prodigals; as if a somewhat leaner calf and the second-best robe must of necessity suffice to express the Father's joy at the safe return of his erring son. God felt *inclined* to forgive repentant sinners fully and freely; but the tyranny of natural laws restricted the range of His tenderness; and conscience played the part of the grudging elder brother in the parable, or acted as a kind of Shylock stickling for his bond. Martineau believed firmly in reconciliation with God, but not—in any adequate sense—in the remission of sins. He thought that the sinner must in every case drink to the very dregs the

cup of suffering; that the past is *entirely* irreparable; that none of the effects of bygone transgression can be changed or even greatly mitigated. God's tenderness towards the penitent exhausted itself in receiving him back into His arms, and was powerless to diminish his punishment. In a sermon called "Divine Justice and Pardon Reconciled" he wrote thus concerning the returning sinner and his father: "Free as our soul is to come back and cry at the gate, so free is He to open and fold us gently to His heart again. Weak indeed from the waste of all our strength, lame with our many wounds, in peril from our dim sight, and in pain from treasured agonies, we must still be; and God can only say, 'My poor child, I cannot help thee here; this burden must thou carry to its end.' But still the penitent lives no outcast life; the light of reconciliation is upon him."

This teaching is certainly more Deistic than fully Christian; and I also believe that it is quite unnecessarily discouraging and repellent. Men in general are only too likely to be confirmed and hardened in a kind of ethical fatalism, from whose palsying grasp it is one of the main objects of Christianity to deliver them. Forgiveness is less

likely to be sought and valued, if it is to bring with it no lessening of punishment. On such a theory, ordinary men are likely to become careless. If God is to be feared *in the best sense*, there must be some really adequate forgiveness with Him. Hopefulness is the very nerve of true repentance.

It also seems to me that this unhopeful view of God's power to help the penitent sinner is rather derogatory to God as well as discouraging to man. On this theory the Lord's arm is indeed so shortened that it cannot thoroughly save. Natural laws grievously limit God's higher possibilities. It is almost as if in His earlier days God had unwisely mortgaged some of His most glorious powers, so that, on the Deistic theory, we might almost declare that "It repented God that He had established rigid natural laws which hindered the operation of His boundless love." This imaginary and rather futile Deistic God might almost exclaim, "Oh that *I could* rend the heavens!"

I firmly believe, however, that the actual facts of the moral and spiritual world are far less rigid and saddening than this stern religion supposes them to be. Nature is not quite so unbending a moralist as austere teachers think it to be. The initial stages of the Creator's work are not wholly

at variance with any of the requirements of finer and more developed life. God does not ignore the end whilst arranging the beginning. John the Baptist's preaching is only preliminary, and is not inconsistent with the later arrival of a more gracious messenger from the Eternal Pity.

Even as regards the *bodily* effects of a past life of sin, it is quite possible to use exaggerated language. *Some* of these evil effects are often modified, though never wholly cancelled. The mind often greatly influences our physical health. By inspiring men with peace of mind, serenity, and hopefulness we often in some measure minister to *bodies* diseased, and so give back to penitent transgressors some measure of that corporeal health which they had forfeited by riotous living. Thus to some extent we really release men from their sins.

Dr. Martineau's teaching as to *none* of the effects of past sin being in any degree altered by repentance is not entirely consistent, when we look at it practically. Objectively the penal effects remain unchanged for the penitent; but subjectively they are very considerably mitigated. The burden to be borne or lifted is equal in weight; but the strength with which to carry it is greatly increased for the returning prodigal. God does

not diminish the burden, nor does He bear it for the forgiven wanderer; but He infuses into the weak and depressed soul a large supply of fresh strength and energy which it could not otherwise have obtained; and thus the burden becomes very much less oppressive than it would have been without divine aid. Thus God, even on Martineau's theory, does very much modify the pressure of an evil past on an aspiring present life. And the outlook for one who thinks of returning to the Father is assuredly rather brighter than Deistic religion considered it to be.

Nor are other sources of consolation wanting. In the moral and spiritual realm it is plain that sin is often *utilised* in a way that it cannot be in the physical world. As Martineau's friend, Francis Newman, taught, a man is often permanently the better for some fall into gross sin, which reveals to him the hatefulness of evil and his own deplorable weakness. The humiliating sense of past vileness often goads men on to loftier heights of goodness. As Miss Cobbe teaches, in hearts ploughed by contrition there often bloom fairer spiritual flowers than are ever found in the hard unbroken soil of placid respectability and self-satisfaction. Probably St. Peter's

fervent devotion to his master was stimulated and increased by the sad realisation of his former meanness in forsaking him. Humility and tenderness towards the faults of others are sometimes most conspicuous in souls saddened by prolonged moral failure. Out of moral wrecks God sometimes fashions the truest Sons of Consolation. Jean Valjean's profound pity and love for his fellows were all the greater by reason of his bygone crime. St. Augustine's bygone heresies made him, as he himself tells us, far more gentle than he otherwise might have been to those wandering in unbelief and error. Those who are "scarcely saved," "saved, though as by fire," are usually the world's most eloquent preachers. Those born in the storm of mightiest elemental strife are ever the most impressive guides to the mass of mankind. Their strange Titanic force moves the world irresistibly. Compared with these, the power of untempted good men is small indeed. St. Paul, Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, and Burns have shaken the inmost hearts of men as they never were shaken by any Pusey or Keble. The most powerful preachers are those who come from the wild Edom of Nature's tempestuous lawlessness with garments red with blood. These are they who have

" trodden the wine-press alone," and therefore speak with imperious and penetrating power, " speak in righteousness, mighty to save." Men sometimes save others just because they fail adequately to save themselves. In " The Scarlet Letter " Nathaniel Hawthorne shows that the secret sinfulness of the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale, whilst ruinous to himself, was yet in some ways highly beneficial to his hearers. " It kept him down on a level with the lowest, him, the man of ethereal attributes, whose voice the angels might else have listened to and answered. But this very burden it was that gave him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind, so that his heart vibrated in unison with theirs, and received their pain into itself, and sent its own throb of pain through a thousand other hearts in gushes of sad persuasive eloquence." The deep distress of his own realised sinfulness and weakness often humanises a man's soul as scarcely anything else can humanise it. By being " numbered with the transgressors " we learn to bear their burdens and cure their infirmities.

Dr. Martineau's God stood in real need of an incarnate mediator in order to move and save mankind. His Christ, to a great extent, made

amends for the deficiencies of his God. Christ bore away the defects of the Deistical God, though forbidden by the Deists to bear away the sins of men. Owing to his partial escape from his old tyrant, and still more owing to the extraordinary beauty and power of his own imagination, Martineau found many mediators between God and man. The whole universe at times spoke to him of its maker and sustainer; and the somewhat pallid spiritual splendours of the far-off Creator received a most welcome accession of vividness and brightness when they were brought nigh, gathered together, and condensed into the warm glowing brilliancy of that marvellous soul which was at once Son of God and Son of Man, a revelation of the highest and a home for the lowest, a living and speaking reconciliation of absolute purity and absolute pity, the ethical real of God and the ethical ideal of man, "of one substance with the Father," and yet in very deed the brother and the loving friend of publicans and sinners.

We may safely say that, without his Christ, James Martineau's religious teaching would have been well-nigh inoperative and powerless as regards the great mass of our race. His primal

Deity was not very attractive in some ways ; but, as this deep thinker well observes, " God's sternest law, mellowed by the voice of Him who bare our woes, is turned from the crash of Fate into the music of Love."

But alas ! I have not come to the end of the deficiencies of Deistic religion. It not only impoverished the conception of God ; it also impoverished the conception of man and of his relations to his fellows. It was essentially an unsocial and solitary religion. Unsocial in its roots, it was also unsocial in its manifestations. The limitations of its God were reproduced in the limitations of His creatures. In both alike the powers of sympathy were " sore let and hindered " in running their course. A kind of Atomism pervaded and depressed the philosophy of this school of religionists. This religion never learnt the truth that humanity is an organism, that we are members one of another, that " the branch cannot bear fruit except it abide in the vine." It dreaded Pantheism too much, and exaggerated the doctrine of strict personal responsibility. It impoverished individuality by guarding it too zealously from outside influences. It set each man to save his own soul by his

individual efforts alone, not knowing that to achieve this feat is impossible for us. A sort of Judaic solitariness pervaded the earlier forms of English Unitarianism; and to Martineau's severely ethical nature this was congenial or at least necessary. At times he almost seems to have been afraid that in "bearing one another's burdens" we might impair men's keen sense of personal responsibility. To him the doctrine of vicarious suffering was morally objectionable. To this conscience-intoxicated Unitarian our great Angel of the Agony sometimes appeared to be a lawless emissary from the Evil One. That vehement and penetrating form of sympathy which pierces through all barriers of opposing individuality, and diffuses itself through the intimate structure of another soul, this unspeakable gift from God, was taken for an immoral intruder by our stern philosopher. He thought that a sympathy so vehement must needs bring with it the germs of a destroying irresponsibility, or at least corrode the very roots of orthodox ethics. It was but a kind of moral Satan assuming the form of an angel of light. Salvation was necessarily a lonely process. He agreed with the despondent psalmist when he declared that "No

man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him."

To Martineau sympathy was a child or handmaid of morality, and not its proper source, or sanction, or motive. God and his own conscience were to him sufficing without the stimulus afforded by our fellow-creatures. He did not at all agree with a saying of mine, that to an unrelated being, cut off entirely from all human fellowship, there might well seem to be neither right nor wrong for him. In his opinion, Duty or the Categorical Imperative, as the voice of God, would suffice for motive. I never could get him to understand what Broad-Church religious teachers really mean by the doctrine of vicarious suffering. St. Paul wishing himself accursed from Christ for his brethren's sake, and James Hinton feeling it to be almost wrong that he should be in spiritual health, whilst others were sick and sinful, were to him unintelligible mysteries speaking in an unknown tongue. He once said to me that, whilst he thoroughly understood suffering *for the sake of* others, he could not understand suffering *instead of* others.

And yet it appears to me that human life is full of striking instances of this latter way of

suffering and of its blessed results. Every soldier, in time of war, who freely gives his life for his comrade or his officer, affords an example of vicarious suffering. It has been said of John Bunyan that, after prolonged agony, he finally found peace by reading a translation of Luther's commentary on St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians. Now, if Luther had suffered less, it seems certain that he would not have been able to minister so effectually to Bunyan's wants, and so Bunyan would have suffered more. Hence it would seem quite legitimate to say that by the stripes of Luther John Bunyan was healed.

Nature appears to be far more bent on making us *social* beings than on making us rigidly just. It forces on us co-opération as a condition of thriving; and continued co-operation begets sympathy; and thus Nature is not quite so hostile to morality as Huxley supposed it to be. It lays a broad and firm foundation for human goodness, though apparently caring little for any superstructure of developed ethics. In some ways Deism was an unnatural and artificial religion. Under the name of unintelligible superstitions, it cast aside some of the very finest and most operative ingredients of the best and most pro-

foundly human culture. Disgusted with the unsightly husks of orthodox doctrines, it cast aside their inner kernel of meaning. For one soul to save another by sucking the poison out of its wounds appeared to Deistical religion impossible, if not immoral. It could not understand that deep and noble instinct of self-sacrifice which makes some men willing to go to hell for the sake of others; and so it knew not the crowning glory of our nature. In Charles Kingsley's well-known story, "Two Years Ago," the saintly heroine is represented as so pierced with sorrow and compassion for her thieving mother that she came to wish that she herself might have been the criminal, in order that her mother might be free from guilt and vileness. The state of mind thus exhibited, though unintelligible to conventional and prudential Deism, is in full harmony with the grandest Christianity. In it we discern sympathy *in excelsis*, a veritable reflection of the cross of Calvary, a reproduction of that fathomless pity which caused Christ to identify himself with struggling and erring humanity in such a penetrating and marvellous way that its sins became a real element of his consciousness, and, to use the daring language of St. Paul, "He was made sin

for us." Assuredly man's nature has in it greater, more glorious, and more startling capacities than any dreamt of by the old formal Unitarianism. The heroism even of sinners often has in it something nobler and more Godlike than anything to be found in the cold temples of prim and calculating religion. The powers of sympathy, like those of electricity, have often a range and a force which falsify the computations of unhopeful observers. Many who cannot save themselves are yet very effectually redeemed by others.

Dr. Martineau seems to have very frequently felt the cramping limitations of that portion of his old creed which he retained. Mysticism often irradiated his lingering Deism. He often spoke of God as the "Soul of all Souls." Still, even to the end of his days this great thinker was in some ways rather starved by an inadequate spiritual diet. He sought for richer and more vitalising nourishment in the writings of Luther and Tauler, in the "Theologia Germanica," and in the hymns of the Wesleys. At times he perceived clearly the incurable deficiencies of the old Unitarianism; and he thought that the best future of liberal Christianity in our country is

not likely to be with the Unitarians, but with the Presbyterians in Scotland and with the Congregationalists in England. The appalling spiritual and emotional dryness of the devotees of his own creed often disgusted him and filled him with despair. In turning their backs on the Holy Spirit of the orthodox churches, Unitarians appear too often to have also banished Emerson's Over-Soul, which might be thought in some degree to perform the offices of a kind of unsectarian Holy Ghost impartially vivifying man's whole higher life.

To those who really knew the noble and most faithful spirit of James Martineau there is something intensely pathetic in the sad undertone of abiding dissatisfaction which breathes through many of the most beautiful lyrical utterances to be found in his three volumes of discourses. Though he believed firmly in the final and universal victory of the divine goodness, there is scarcely a single note of triumph to be heard in those glorious soliloquies; still less can we find a trace of self-satisfaction. Everywhere is heard the plaintive cry of baffled Paul, "Not as though I had already attained"; "And now we see through a glass darkly." His present religion

was to this aspiring pilgrim no satisfying *home*, but rather a lofty and solitary watch-tower, from which, through long years of patient waiting, he dimly descried the phantom forms of mightier redeemers in a distant land. An acquiescent and wistful sorrowfulness was his habitual mood. At times he appears to have perceived that the better sort of Evangelical religion has in it greater regenerating forces than any contained in Unitarianism; and so he wrote to me with warm approval concerning an article which I had written on "The Strength and Weakness of Evangelicalism"; and he told me that many years ago he had given much offence to some of his brethren by delivering lectures advocating much the same views as those expressed in my article. Beyond question, his deepest affinities were with faith, and not with Agnosticism, with Fénélon, Pascal, and Leighton, and not with Mr. Herbert Spencer, nor with the arid wisdom of unspiritual rationalism. His head was often with the unsparing critics, whilst his heart was with Paul and John. Like the lonely Amiel, he sometimes felt keenly his exclusion from the society with which he really had most in common. His formal creed tore him up by the roots from

the soil that was the most truly congenial to his loftiest instincts. The deep-souled mystic within him often sat down and wept in the Babylon into which earlier intellectual convictions had led him.

Yet even in the comparative dimness of his partial captivity he sometimes poured forth immortal strains of celestial music. Exiled by the churches, he was consoled and consecrated by the Cosmos. The spirit of Plato never forsook him. Intellectual beauty nourished his higher life. Philosophy tranquillised him. Serenity in some measure made up for the absence of jubilant hopefulness. Self-effacing resignation brought him a kind of peace. In him there was neither bitterness nor murmuring. To him it was given to think many of God's *thoughts* after Him, though the glorious riches of the divine *heart* were in some measure veiled from his longing eyes. Mysticism, like some struggling sun, often pierced through the besetting gloom and darkness of his house of bondage. Angels sometimes came and touched his mouth with live coals taken from God's most central altars; and then this baffled pilgrim spoke of heavenly things as none but the true prophets of the Eternal can ever speak.

In the days of his partial captivity this great

teacher gathered together the materials for a spacious and noble temple to be erected hereafter by his followers. He laid the strong foundations on which others might build; he sowed in tears what others may reap in joy. Out of the stony griefs of his sorrowful experience his disciples are enabled to build an enduring house of God, in which his bygone privations and sufferings are utilised and glorified. His prolonged sojourn in the "barren and dry land" of Deism has caused us to see more clearly the indispensable necessity of that richer and more vitalising religion for which his deep spirit yearned through long and unsatisfied years.

To some readers of this essay it may perhaps appear as if I had chiefly disparaged rather than extolled the religious services rendered to our race by my beloved master and friend; but this is not really the case. Certainly I do not think that James Martineau was a great redeemer of sinners. I do not think that he had an adequate gospel for fervent and struggling souls. He never knew how deeply God pities aspiring sinners. Compared with the strong consolation offered us by Luther, by Theodore Parker, by Erskine of Linlathen, by Maurice, and by Charles Kingsley,

the evangel delivered by Martineau often seems to me "as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine." Like the teaching of Emerson, it was too ethereal and ghostlike, too lacking in the warm blood of passionate human fellowship. It was also rather too severe, exacting, and discouraging. For men in general it had little of the constraining attractiveness of the gospel of the great Son of Man. Whilst it entranced the lovers of intellectual beauty, it failed to allure to itself the world's forlorn multitude of publicans and sinners. Men took to it their doubts and perplexities, but not their sore wounds and their shocking spiritual diseases. It never adequately answered the urgent demand of St. Philip, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." As I have already intimated, the benignant face of the all-pitying Father was to a great extent veiled beneath the stern iron mask of the rigid moral legislator. Deism, or even ordinary Unitarianism, is not a sufficiently human religion. It seems to ignore the truth that it is only through the tenderest and most compassionate humanity that we can learn in any degree what the divine love is. Whilst professing to concentrate all its worship on the Father *only*, it is yet abundantly

manifest that its revelation of that Father is immeasurably less rich, vivid, and satisfying than that of those who honour the Son as the true mediator between God and man. In their dread of Polytheism many Unitarians appear to have relapsed into an austere Judaism.

However, it is plain enough that we need a great variety of choice gifts from God; and we must not judge of the value of these gifts by a coarsely Utilitarian standard. We must not disparage God's stars because they will not light the fires of our domestic hearths. The bleak, lonely Alpine heights of the spiritual world have their own uses or functions to fulfil just as much as the fertile plains have theirs. Man does not live by bread alone, nor by affection alone. The Sublime is a part of our heritage and our education. The very fact that our Platos, our Spinozas, and our Martineaus, like some towering and inaccessible mountain peaks, transcend our low limitations, makes them in some ways the more valuable and suggestive. They speak to us all the more imperiously of heaven because they are so remote from the dust and din and tumult of earth. We cannot habitually breathe their rarefied air; but by our occasional visits

to them our waning strength is renewed, our highest faculties are expanded and vivified, our imagination grows bolder, and the narrowness of our provincial wisdom is corrected and enlarged by the cosmical wisdom of those who, for the most part, "cease from man" and hold habitual though silent communion with the far-off immensities and eternities which condition and hem in our little insignificant dwelling-place. From these austere teachers we learn intellectual disinterestedness and detachment. From them we learn to be quiet and still. In their presence heated disputation is impossible; every form of sectarianism seems paltry and childish. We leave behind "our churches and our charities." Their "many-coloured domes" no longer "stain the white radiance of eternity." We are for a time made citizens of the universe. We are baptized into the Infinite.

In our long and perilous pilgrimage from animality to spirituality we need the assistance of guides or teachers of two widely different sorts. We need some to enlighten and instruct us and to point out the path of safety. We need others to take us by the hand and lead us in hours of discouragement and weakness. We need lofty

and sublime monitors; and we also need beings cast in a more mundane mould, who may be to us friends of our inmost souls and sharers of our toil and strife with all their attendant failures. We need "Shining Ones," like Plato, Swedenborg, Emerson, and Martineau, to convince us of the reality of heavenly things and to thrill our souls with immortal hopes. And we need "Great-hearts," like Luther and Theodore Parker, to fight our worst and fiercest enemies. We lean more heavily on guides of the latter class, whilst we specially revere and look up to leaders of the former class, as rarer and more august visitants. To the one class we give more of our admiration and awe-struck devotion, whilst to the other we give more of our personal affection. To the one class we offer a soul-felt homage at times almost verging on adoration, and to the other we pour forth words of warmest thanksgiving. The one class speaks to us of our far-off and long-lost ideal, whilst the other ministers to our actual. We love and value both these blessed emissaries from the Eternal. We love and value God's incarnate seraphs, through whose diaphanous earthly vesture we catch some glimpses of that intellectual glory and that radiant moral purity whose real

home is in the far-off heaven of His immediate presence. And we also love and value tender and profoundly human missionaries of pity sent to seek and to save that which is lost. As we realise the great and abiding functions of both these noble benefactors of our pilgrim race, we thank our Creator for both of them; we feel that both are indispensable; and we express our immense though varying admiration in the discriminating words of one who said, as his keen eyes gazed on the distinct though often commingling splendours of divine and human excellence as revealed to us, "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another; and one star differeth from another star in glory."

NOTE.—If I were asked to express *exactly* in a few words the *most vital* difference between the gospel of Martineau and that of Christ, I should say that, whilst the former exhibited a *general* love for sinners as a part of the human race, the latter exhibited a *special* love. Jesus realised the infinite pathos of the condition of many of them. He sought to make excuses for them. To some extent he held the view of Plato, that no man is *willingly* wicked. To some extent he thought men's sinfulness often more their misfortune than their fault. He cared more to redeem outcasts than to educate

those already good. His heart was more with the one lost sheep than with the ninety and nine who were safe at home. He was more impressed with the *misery* of transgressors in general than with their *vileness*. He sorrowed over men's unhappiness without any exact consideration of their moral deserts. He put Himself on a level with the multitude. He had a *very special* tenderness for those who had never been given any real chance of moral and spiritual development in this world. He would have sympathised profoundly with the beautiful spirit of an old Arabian prayer which besought God to be especially merciful to the wicked, and added, as a cogent reason for such mercy, these bold and wise words, "To the good Thou hast already been sufficiently merciful in making them good." I think that James Martineau would have been a far more effective redeemer of sinners, if he had been able—as he was not—to enter into the full significance of that wise old prayer. It is well for the world at large that Christ "took not on Himself the nature of angels."

It is due to Dr. Martineau to notice the fact that in the second volume of his "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," in a sermon called "How sayest Thou, 'Show us the Father,'" he expresses a less Deistic view than he habitually held as to God's attitude towards the repentant sinner. He writes thus: "To conceive of God as having, by His own Law of Righteousness, deprived Himself of all flexible and proportionate mercy, and become committed to some definite and relentless retribution, is to carry over into the supernatural realm a conception applicable no further than the natural. It is only in the outward system of the world that He has given notice, by invariable uniformity, that we must stereotype our

expectations, and that He will deal with us as if He were under a bond of persistency. Only there, accordingly, it is that no release can be given till the full sentence upon our sin has been worked out."

But this more lenient and more fully Christian teaching is scarcely in harmony with other utterances of the same philosopher. The last of his great works was "The Seat of Authority in Religion," and in that he seems definitely to return to his accustomed Deistical conception as to God's power or willingness to mitigate many of the consequences of sin. It was only on very rare occasions, in moments of unusual insight and religious exaltation, that this Unitarian thinker realised at all adequately the redeeming efficacy of God's unfathomable pity and love.

On earth he never knew Christ *adequately*. He never realised the vast range and the constraining invincibility of profoundest human compassion. He never heard its triumphant voice addressing the very worst sinners in tones of the most confident moral optimism. He needed to be transplanted into a more genial world ere he could enter into the full significance of that intense hopefulness of the Son of Man which made Him claim the whole human race as His predestined kinsmen, which nerved Him to look through transient sinfulness to final holiness, so that, even whilst He gazed with penetrating vision on the appalling spectacle of almost universal corruption, He could utter those daring words of undaunted assurance of final and universal victory and deliverance, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

# LETTERS

FROM THE

## Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D., D.D.

TO THE

## Rev. A. H. CRAUFURD, M.A.

# LETTERS

As Dr. Martineau in these letters refers to three of the present writer's books, it may be well to explain that those called "The Unknown God" and "Enigmas of the Spiritual Life" are now out of print. The other work, called "Christian Instincts and Modern Doubt" can be obtained easily from James Clarke & Co., 13 & 14 Fleet Street, London.

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*June* 25, 1892.

DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I am delighted to find within the early pages of your "Enigmas" a just and telling criticism of James Hinton's extraordinary paradoxes. Much as I respected the man, I never could quit a conversation of any length with him without a misgiving as to his

sanity.* In the Metaphysical Society not a member could profess to understand him; and his written comments on the subject of the evening's discussion failed to elicit any remark. Miss Haddon, however, seems to feel no difficulty in interpreting him.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*July* 28, 1892.

DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I have read through your "Enigmas" with deep interest and various admiration. In brilliancy of literary execution it is a rare book. Being in sympathy with what is positive in its fundamental principles, I find its *criticisms* on Cotter Morison, Comte, Henry Drummond, Huxley, John Stuart Mill, and F. W. Newman just and forcible. The strain of

* James Hinton was a well-known aurist and a man well versed in science. He was perfectly sane in the ordinary sense of the word; but his metaphysics were so extremely eccentric as to suggest that their origin must have been in Bedlam. The best thing that he has left the world is his very interesting and suggestive little work on "The Mystery of Pain."

thought throughout the volume, which concentrates itself in the fine essay on "Man's Need of Religion," is profoundly true and touching, and may well effect all that you desire with those who can trust themselves to a mainly emotional faith. If others, of less susceptible temperament, rise from your pages with a feeling of intellectual insecurity, I should refer it to your avowed leaning in the direction of modern pessimism,* which leads to a statement of difficulties more extended and more forcible than are the replies, and induces a painful misgiving about the divine basis and governance of life.

I appreciate and reverence the profound spirit of compassion with which you look upon the defects and sorrows of the world. But this compassion itself must die in a shriek of despair, and make two miseries in place of one, unless it catches the inspiration of *hope*, which none can feel but conscious fellow-workers with a Living God of Righteousness and Love. To the revindication of this Christian optimism all our preaching should, I think, be directed. I have no faith whatever in "The Ideal" or any such abstract

* This is a mistake, though I should certainly be a pessimist if I had no hope of a future life for our race beyond the grave.

idol to heal the sufferings and banish the sins of humanity. All depends on the maintenance of the life in God, the immediate communion of each responsible soul with the Soul of all souls.

"The Unknown God" has been in the hands of my friend, Professor Upton; but I shall now take it up.

Ever cordially yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*August* 18, 1892.

DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—"The Unknown God" has interested me quite as deeply as your other work, "Enigmas"; for, though I recognise in it the traces of a stage of thought somewhat less mature, I find a peculiar charm in its flashes of unguarded feeling and intense expression. The sermons which move me most are the second on "The Things that Cannot be Shaken" and that on "The Helplessness of Man." You transport me into a mood in which I hate to criticise; and yet, as you ask me to define my impres-

sions, I must try to give them in intelligible form.

In general, I find myself in sympathy with your admirations, and at variance only with your aversions. Your great store of enthusiasm and compassionate affection pours itself, I should say, in too exclusive a flood upon the sins and miseries of unregulated passion. I catch myself, as I read, pleading for a gentler judgment on commonplace people of the conscientious type, beneath the evenness of whose life there often—even usually—lie a depth and unselfishness of character essentially, though silently, heroic. It is not to these, the faithful without romance, but to the mock-righteous and the self-righteous, that Christ prefers the publicans and sinners, who, when converted by your forgiving love, can only be brought to the very harmony of desire and will with which you contrast them.

It is from the same proclivity that I shrink from the antithesis in which you frequently present morality and religion; whereby you make a present of the former term to the expediency arithmeticians of external action. *To me* moral life is wholly *internal*, consisting in the right

order of prevalence among the springs of action; and, as this right order emerges into consciousness with an inseparable sense of *divine authority*, it brings a consecration with it, and plants us on holy ground. Religion doubtless goes much further and has more to tell us; but we are already within its precincts, the moment we bend before the claim of higher right. I deprecate therefore any slight, even if only apparent, to the sanctity of ethical law. As the vestibule of true religion, I can enter it only with unsandalled feet.

Though I deeply feel the defects of 18th century Deism, and owe what faith I have to my recoil from them, I think your language regarding the writers of that school is too disparaging. The fundamental error of their theory, the *transitive* instead of *immanent* agency of God in the natural world, was no characteristic of theirs, but the common doctrine of their time in the church as well as out of it. One of their class, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was as free from it as Malebranche or Carlyle; and they at all events held fast, without exception, to the central essence of all religious faith, *the personality of God;* and, if they allowed this to encroach on the divine

*infinitude*, it was a less serious error than the modern one of insisting on the infinitude at the cost of the personality. The idea that we get nearer to the truth by dismissing from our thought of the divine nature all concrete predicates, intellect, will, affection, and righteousness, and substituting mere abstracts such as universal, almighty, unknowable, infinite, eternal, is an illusion, in my opinion, more hopeless and more harmful than the older anthropomorphism. As there is no need of either, we may as well guard ourselves against the impulse to swing from the one to the other.

Where I demur to an affirmation of yours which takes me by surprise, I sometimes find my hesitation due to a use of language which is new to me. You speak of sympathy and pity as examples of *vicarious* suffering, and on this basis you rest no slight structure of doctrine. By vicarious suffering—a phrase borrowed from the Atonement scheme—I have always understood the *substitution* of A's suffering for B's, as a relief by equivalence. But sympathy and pity are suffering *with* another and *for* another, in the sense of *on account of*, but not *instead of* another. Rather are they a duplication or an

extension of the primary suffering than a substitution for it. The failure of this analogy very seriously affects the language and reasonings of theologians in vindication of the doctrine of Redemption, as well as the prevailing conception of Christians with regard to the cross as the model of self-sacrifice. The precise changes which it requires in these it would need a volume to unfold.

The part of the *Spectator's* review of you from which I least dissent is its notice of your treatment of free will. Your vindication of that much-derided function is most welcome, but so very modest in its claim, that, when all the deductions have been made, the residue is, to my old eyesight, an invisible minimum. I am delighted, however, that you cannot let it go, and am persuaded that, when the burdens of heredity and other scientific nightmares have released you, as they will, that little spark of freedom will assert its vitality, and assume the full glory of a responsible life.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*October* 8, 1892.

DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I had begun to fear that, through my delay in writing, I should somehow lose your address. Your kind note of the 5th has saved me from this punishment, and rejoiced my heart with the prospect of seeing you in London. We remain here till the end of this month ; but from the beginning of November to near the end of May, we shall be found, if anywhere in this world, at 35 Gordon Square, London.

There I shall be delighted to welcome you whenever you may be in town with an hour to spare ; and we can talk of Renan, with his books within reach of our hands, silently appealing to us neither to idolise nor to wrong him. I share your feeling about him, a feeling recurring to me in (I think) *every* case known to me of a Roman Catholic deserter. The transition from a *dictated* religion to one that is *personally thought out*, from obedience to conviction, seems all but impossible under the Catholic culture. The Protestant reverence for truth, as at once the solid reality and the ideal sanctity of the cognizable world,

is never gained; and religions are estimated and criticised, like mythologies, by canons, not of reason, but of fancy, turned this way or that to catch different lights, and preferred or discarded as a fastidious eye might choose among patterns of wall-papers to cover a room. Renan's mind seems too often to be playing, rather than working, at the problems which exercise his ingenuity. Yet he brings to them the fruits of an unsparing industry and a temper free from all inducements to do a wrong.

I remain always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON,
*December* 6, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—By this day's parcel post I send, in hope of your acceptance, a copy of the more recent of my Hymn-books. It is impossible to prepare a collection for public use without occasional deference to a prevailing preference or taste which the compiler himself does not share. But in this volume I have inserted nothing at variance with my convictions, though

retaining a few popular hymns no longer satisfactory to my literary feeling.

The photograph which my daughter has included in the parcel is from a comparatively recent portrait, and is preferred by her to any other.* For 15 or 20 years I have declined all photographic sittings direct. Old men and women, however bearable *en passant*, are not fit objects for perpetuated sunlight. It is time for them to retreat into the shade.

You think that I ask too much from the characters of men. I can only say that I invite no more from any than I find actual in some; and as much as this may surely be held up as possible to the capacity of all. The allowances we make, and the patient tenderness we feel, for the shortcomings of human failure must not be permitted to lower and confuse the divine standard of right. Else we take our stand on an ever-sinking mediocrity, instead of gaining ever-higher altitudes.

I know Hegel's "Philosophy of Religion"; but neither in it, nor in his English interpreters, have I found any future life that does not disappoint its name. The genuine hope dawned

* This photograph has been reproduced for this volume.

upon Thomas Hill Green on his death-bed, I am assured; not, however, as a corollary from his Hegelianism, but rather as an emergence from it.

We shall be delighted to see you, when you come up to town, if you will kindly look us up.

Ever most sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON,
*March* 5, 1893.

DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I thank you heartily for sending me *The Thinker*, a journal which has never before fallen in my way. Your paper in it interests me greatly, corroborating as it does, in essential features, an estimate of Evangelicalism which I have often been condemned for expressing. I owe a great deal in my own experience to the writings of that school, which in my youth powerfully influenced me, without in the least disturbing my dissent from their doctrines. I caught a fire from their devotional books which was not kindled by the manuals in use among our own people. And I even wrote and delivered a series of lectures, to account for

the good influence on character of a type of religion which was theologically indefensible.

Your essay vividly recalled to me that passage in my life. I have been on the watch for your hoped-for arrival since the beginning of last month, and shall be much pleased when the promise is fulfilled.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*July* 22, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—My pen, never nimble, has become shamefully lazy; or I should not have left your very welcome letter three weeks without a reply. Your and Miss Wedgwood's concurrence about Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics" interests me greatly, though I should express my own essential agreement with you and with her in rather a different form from either. The antithesis between Nature and man, though fundamental to ethics, is misconceived when thrown into pessimist shape, as if Nature

offered nothing but *resistance* to goodness, and as if goodness spent itself in *defeating* the constitution of Nature.

No such *absolute* opposition has any existence between the two orders of force manifested in our life; and of *relative* opposition or graduated difference of value there cannot but be some in *any* world made up of a *hierarchy* of powers, even though the process stopped short of ethics. Each higher term wins its place as against the lower, leading the way to ulterior advance. The only difference when man appears is that he is not, like other animals, *under the sway* of his impulsive forces, but *set over* them, with consciousness of their relative claims, and with free choice to go with the better or the worse. This *ethical* will is certainly something over and above Nature as previously understood, in which the order of phenomena was *necessary*, whilst here it is optional, *i.e.* issuing from a true cause or determiner of an alternative.

If you include this characteristic in man's nature, then in his conformity to it (*i.e.* in Ethics) he does not *oppose* Nature; for what he opposes is only what his nature tells him that he *has to oppose*. But it is more usual and more exact to

limit the word Nature to the sphere of *physical or necessary* sequences of phenomena, as distinguished from the *voluntary*, where the possibilities are *alternatives*. This is what we mean when we speak of man as antithetic to Nature; and, in virtue of this spiritual prerogative, he is strictly *supernatural* and divine. To say, with Huxley, that he rises by opposing Nature means only that he uses his supernatural function and does not let his free will lie idle in surrender to immediate impulse. He rises by preferring the known higher to the lower of the offered possibilities. But *both* possibilities are provided for in the constitution of the world; they are the *data* of the problem given him to solve, and each has its right place in the scale of native powers, and needs suppression only when usurping a wrong one. The field of Nature is thus spread out as the practising ground of spirit in the discipline of character, and ethics do but turn to their true end the springs and opportunities of action controllable by will, never crushing one without liberating another.

The whole system thus presents itself to me as a related constitution, the necessary and free factors of which work together for the per-

fection of both. What I dislike in Huxley's mode of putting the case is its assumption of an *absolute antagonism* between the natural and the moral, as if the former were all *bad*, the good consisting in its conquest and suppression.

I have been reading with great interest Wilfrid Ward's book on his father, Dr. W. G. Ward, and the Catholic Revival. He sent it to me as an old friend and ally of his father in the Metaphysical Society. But I find it most instructive and enlightening in regard to the interior life and history of modern Catholicism and the personalities of its chief representatives and opponents in England and on the continent. Another book which has fascinated me much is Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "In Memoriam Ernest Renan," partly, no doubt, from personal knowledge of both the author and his subject, but mainly by the charm and prevailing truth of the portraiture itself.

I like to hear of your having access in Edinburgh to a Scotch Church pulpit and to its habitual occupant. I had heard indirectly of Dr. Matheson before, and I quite agree with you in your appreciation of the Presbyterian clergy

of his class. The *English* church offers a far more unmanageable resistance to the entrance of a tenable theology than the Scotch formularies in the present state of the Scotch mind. I trust that Gladstone's designs on the establishment here will be defeated.

Ever sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON,
*November* 2, 1893.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I have read your lecture on Secularism with sustained interest and sympathy. It is full of just thought and happy illustrative expression. It so lifts me out of the critical mood that I cannot bear to look out for matter admitting of qualifying remark. So you must accept my simple thanks for a most acceptable support to convictions which you know to be dear to me.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 Gordon Square, London,
*November* 4, 1895.

Dear Mr. Craufurd,—I am truly glad that my friend Upton's book finds in you so appreciative a reader. He has been recently a fortnight with us at Aviemore, with his wife; and we have had animated discussions together on the few points of difference in our modes of thought, or perhaps of *speech*, on spiritual things. He concedes a little more than I can to the Hegelian phraseology. If ever you go to Oxford, I shall be delighted to give you a line to him.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

James Martineau.

35 Gordon Square, London,
*November* 29, 1895.

My dear Mr. Craufurd,—I send you the little notice of your "Enigmas of the Spiritual Life," which I have recovered after a good hunt through the back numbers of the *Outlook*. I am glad to hear that it is mentioned in connexion

with a further demand for copies in the United States.

I agree with your estimate of Voysey, though personally I have a sincere regard for him. He has sent me a series of sermons—I think eight—in which he has been controverting the attempt made in my "Seat of Authority in Religion" to save the inner essence of the religion of Christ, apart from the accretions of unauthentic and mistaken tradition. I have not yet had time to read them. But I do not expect much light from his mode of criticism. He has not kept pace with the progress of modern historical research. His real and devout Theism, however, is worthy of all respect, and is a valuable check upon the blind Agnosticism of the age.

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON,
*March* 1, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—You will not be surprised that I needed a few days to take the just measure of your offence in making such lavish promises for me to those who do not know me,

and cannot reduce them by adequate discount. Pleasant as it is "*laudari a laudato viro*," I am not insensible to its moral dangers; nor do I pretend to have outlived them. With advancing years their deflection from the truth reverses its direction. The over-appreciation, which in youth elates, in old age *humiliates*. Though I cannot appropriate it, I can look up to it, and rejoice in its hope, though not in its possession. Meanwhile, the fellowship of feeling, attested by others' experience, adds a delightful strength to one's own convictions.

A rapid run through the pages of your book * leaves no doubt on my mind of its seasonableness and of the interest which it will excite.

I wonder whether you have fallen in with Jowett's "College Sermons." They are unequal, but are admirable throughout; and several of them are remarkable examples of skilful presentation of positive spiritual truths without the slightest concealment of his rejections.

I remain always,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

* Dr. Martineau here refers to my book called "Christian Instincts and Modern Doubt."

THE POLCHAR, ROTHIEMURCHUS,
AVIEMORE,
*August* 29, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—I am glad to know the dates and direction of your intended movements, and to think that they may probably take you through London, and give us the opportunity of running through and balancing our ideal accounts to the latest date.

The silence of the *Spectator* on your recent book is due, I fear, to the complete collapse of my dear friend Richard Hutton's health since the death of his wife. It was evident, from a touching letter which I lately received from him, that he was expecting soon to follow her. And I hear from the present companions of his solitude that his strength is rapidly failing. The *Spectator*, I observe, has less and less traces of his hand. It is well that the loss is so fairly well compensated by his young coadjutor, Mr. Strachey. For no one of my pupils and almost fellow-students have I such a love as for R. H. Hutton.

"Robert Elsmere" has not left upon me a very distinct impression. On closing the book and parting with him, I credited him with right feeling, but wished that he knew better what he

was about. This, I conjecture, is the probable equivalent of your expression, "unfairness." As a picture, however, of what takes place in the emergence from retreating darkness into unrealised light, the representation has its truth.

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

35 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON,
*March* 13, 1898.

MY DEAR MR. CRAUFURD,—You send me most welcome tidings of your well-being and not-distant movements, especially as giving me the pleasant prospect of a good talk with you here early in next month. Only send me your address and your free times, when you are here, and we will find you out, and adjust ourselves to them.

Curiously enough, I have just had occasion to look up and re-read your "Christian Instincts and Modern Doubt," and I am increasingly impressed by the justice and penetration of your critical estimate of our English ecclesiastical parties. This very merit it is which, in the low condition of our official theological insight and knowledge, accounts for the limited appreciation of your last book by English-speaking repre-

sentatives of church life. Even among our educated people it is only the fewest who have got their feet effectively planted upon the *via media* between scientific negation and historical dogmatism in the treatment of religious experience.

I deeply feel the loss of my dearly loved friend and almost life-long pupil, R. H. Hutton. So entire was my trust in his religious intuitions and judgments, that it went hard with me to abide by my own when they were unshared by him. But I could not help revering his tender look towards orthodoxy, while he could forgive my involuntary shade of heresy.

Somewhat similar was the affectional relation between F. W. Newman and me, only with the parts inverted.

Easy enough is it now to wait till "we know even as we are known."

Hoping soon to meet and take counsel together,

I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

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Craufurd, A.H.

Recollections of James

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